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"Jingle Belles"

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Mayor Martin's Daughter



"Connie, you're going to grow too big for your shoes," groaned Cap loudly, in mock concern.

Your old friend Connie Martin again, this time somewhat in the role of a fairy godmother

By RUTH BERMAN

HEY, Connie, wait a sec!" Connie Martin swerved her bicycle sharply toward the sidewalk and just missed crashing into a delivery truck. She planted her foot on the curb and tossed her red head indignantly as Cap Riley and Stub Stevens raced up to her at a full gallop.

"Whew," panted Stub. "That's

what you call heading for a lifeless future."

Cap dismissed it lightly. "Just a woman driver, depending on her political pull as the Mayor's daughter."

Connie's blue eyes flashed. "What do you expect," she demanded, "when you shout like a couple of banshees?"

Cap grinned. "We didn't

know you were the nervous type. We just wanted to remind you about the meeting tonight at Peggy's house."

"Yeah," added Stub. "We've got to plan something super for the Christmas party. It's practically Christmas vacation already. So the committee's pooling its wits at 7:30 in Peg's living room."

"Swell." Connie nodded emphatically. "I'll be there. Mind if I bring Colette Fideau?"

"Nope," chorused the boys. "Who's Colette Fideau?"

She's a French refugee who's coming into our class right

after the holidays. She and her aunt moved to Central City last week. And it's really very tragic. Colette's father was wounded fighting with the Maquis, and he's now waiting to come over here. Mademoiselle makes hats, and Colette's going to work after school so they can send Monsieur enough money to buy a plane ticket or something. Colette's awfully nice—pretty and vivacious the way French people are. And she talks with the cutest accent. She hasn't seen her father since she left France two years ago. She's seen some terrible things, I guess, but she doesn't say much about them. You'll be nice to her, won't you?"

"Oh sure, we'll be chawming." Stub drawled the final word to give the proper effect.

"Aren't we always?" Cap wanted to know.

Connie smiled at them both affectionately. "As a rule," she admitted, "except when Peggy and I want to chase criminals and people like that." She pulled her bike upright and pedaled off. "See you tonight, boys," she called over her shoulder. "I'm on my way to quiz a banker about a job right now."

Strolling along the dimly-lit streets toward Peggy Stone's house that evening, Connie regaled Colette with a description of Mr. Barker, president of the bank. "... And he needs somebody to do odd jobs and run errands, so we'll go down tomorrow and talk to him about you. Banking must be awfully interesting. They were poring over old accounts when I came in this afternoon. I think it's just wonderful the way you put money in a bank, and it grows by the interest without your paying any attention at all."

Colette slipped her arm through Connie's. "You have been so nice to me, Connie," she said, accenting the last syllable of the name in a de-

lightful fashion. "I guess the money I make won't ever be enough to bring Papa over to this country." Her voice caught ever so slightly, and Connie pressed her hand in sympathy. "But with the jewelry we can pawn and Tante Cécile's hats, maybe someday we can all be together again."

"Sure you will." The traffic light changed, and the two girls crossed the street and turned to the left. "Colette," Connie went on seriously, "what was your grandmother's name when she lived in Central City?"

"She was called Marjorie Randolph then, but it was a long time ago. She went to Paris with her parents when she was about ten years old, and nobody in our family has been in America until now. That's why Tante Cécile and I wanted to come to Central City. Because Grandmère always said how happy she was here."

"I hope you'll like it, too," Connie told her. "Here we are at Peg's." They ran lightly up the steps to the front porch, and Connie led the way through to the living room. "Hi, everyone," she sang out gaily. "This is Colette Fideau. She's going to help us with the Christmas dance."

Peggy jumped up from the piano stool and came forward quickly. "Hello, Colette. I'm Peggy Stone, and I'm so glad

Connie brought you along." She held out her hand. "Come on in and I'll introduce you to the gang."

Later, as she and Colette sat curled up on the window seat while the group launched into a discussion of party plans, Connie nudged the French girl gently.

"Why don't you suggest something, Colette?" she urged. "I bet you have lots of ideas. We really need something different, because by the time we have the dance Christmas decorations will be old stuff."

Colette wrinkled her brow for a moment, then turned to the others. "I don't know if this is any good or not," she said, lifting her hand in an apologetic little gesture. "But what about a Cinderella motif? The decorations could be as in a fairy tale, and for a get-acquainted number there could be an auction of the girls' slippers. The boys would bid for them—like Prince Charmings—and you might put the money in a fund for the Red Cross or something."

"Why, that's a colossal idea," bubbled Peggy instantly, gazing in admiration at Colette.

"Jeepers," squealed somebody from off in a corner. "She's in the groove already."

Colette turned rosy with pleasure as a chorus of voices registered prompt approval and unanimously voted her chairman of decorations; then went on to nominate and select other committee heads. When Connie's name came up, Colette whispered to her softly, "We can sort of work together."

Connie didn't answer, and Cap, who had wandered over to the window seat, jabbed her in the ribs savagely with the tip of his forefinger.

"Hey, Connie," he shouted in her ear. "Come out of the trance. Come back to the meeting."

Connie jumped, visibly startled.

"What?" she asked in a dazed voice. "What were you saying?"

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Cap stared at her in horror. "There's no homework tonight—what are you doing working in the library, Connie?"





LUNCH WITH

Shirley Temple

Author Sylvia Ann Davies, *CALLING ALL GIRLS* editor Frances Ullmann, and junior advisory editor Shirley Temple eat and chat. *William Ward Photo*

ON THE way to get the mail that morning I found not one, but two four-leaf clovers. I threw them away. As I opened the box I thought, superstitions are fun, but rather silly for a sixteen-year-old starting her senior year at high school.

Idly I glanced over the envelopes. One was for me, from *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. I tore it open and read the letter from Frances Ullmann, the editor. Then I dropped the mail in a hurry and was down on my knees, combing the grass wildly for the discarded clovers. For that letter was an invitation to a luncheon for

An on-the-spot report of an editorial luncheon at which one of the junior advisory editors was the star attraction!

By SYLVIA ANN DAVIES
Sixteen Years Old



A waiter's-eye view of the luncheon party. *United Artists Photo*

Shirley Temple, who is a junior advisory editor of the magazine, at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York the following Wednesday. Those precious little clovers were pressed in my diary that night, safe to bring me more of the same kind of luck.

Promptly at 12:30 on S (Shirley) Day, Mother and I walked into the Carpenter Suite at the Waldorf. The sitting room was gay as an autumn garden, full of girls in their teens. There were some grown-ups, but only one boy! He was quite the center of attention until suddenly the buzzing subsided. There in the doorway

stood Shirley Temple.

She's just my age—sixteen. Her smile and dimples are the same as they were in the pictures she's made ever since she was five. And the famous golden chestnut curls still frame the sparkling face with the mischievous brown eyes. She's medium high and slender and wore a black-and-tan print dress, high-heeled black pumps, and an open-top beanie.

We were all introduced. Four of the CALLING ALL GIRLS cover girls were there—Florence Awe, Gwen Currier, Jackie Fernandez, Junellen Hawthorne. It was fun meeting them, too.

Luncheon started with a beautiful fruit cup, followed by crisp browned chicken, marble potatoes, green peas, and raspberry ice-cream mold. Hearing some of the cover girls' concern over their figures, I watched to see what Shirley's reaction would be to such a bountiful feast. She must have been raised on the same "clean-plate" regime that I was, for it all went down the hatch.

"I've never had to diet," she said, greeted by a chorus of "Lucky you!"

Shirley was sympathetic when she learned that Susan Hecht, thirteen-year-old daughter of the president of CALLING ALL GIRLS, Inc., was about to enter the ninth grade. "You poor kid," she said. "Initiation! I pity you!"

She recalled her own fresh-



Shirley goes over the magazine with George Hecht, president of CALLING ALL GIRLS, Inc. *International News Photo*

man days of four years ago. "The seniors got me on the stage and told me to do an imitation of Shirley Temple singing 'The Good Ship Lollipop.' I told them I couldn't, 'cause I'd never seen her do it. In the end a senior had to do the stunt they'd planned for me!"

We were full of questions about Shirley's movie life.

Answers went: "No, I'm only allowed dates on weekends, with an exception now and then for someone on furlough. I get up at 7:30 work days, 7 on school days. When I'm working I have a tutor on the set and the school sends me my assignments. I recently finished acting in 'I'll Be Seeing You,' with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. My next picture doesn't start produc-

tion until January, so I'll attend regular classes at school until then."

All this time two or three photographers had been busily snapping Shirley from all angles. Each photo was preceded by "Look this way, Miss Temple. SMILE!"

I asked Shirley how she could keep smiling to order like that and do it so spontaneously.

"Oh, that's easy," she replied. "I just giggle. I'm a great giggler."

Just then Shirley heard Jackie Fernandez telling about her new formal.

"Where are you going to wear it, Jackie?" she asked.

"To a dance at West Point, Saturday night," Jackie said.

It turned out that Shirley was going to the same dance, and it was lucky she'd heard Jackie talking about it because Shirley hadn't known it was going to be formal, and you know how we girls hate to turn up at a dance in a little knee-length number only to find the rest of the crowd sweeping about in trailing glamour-gowns.

Luncheon over, there was a mad rush for autographs. I had Shirley put mine on a copy of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

"Don't you get tired of autograph collectors?" I asked.

"I should say not. I love 'em," Shirley said. "A bunch of them waiting outside my hotel the other day chipped in and bought me a corsage. I was so

(Continued on page 61)

Some of the guests—from left, Susan Hecht; cover girls Currier, Fernandez, Awe, Temple, Hawthorne; and Nancy Frankel.



After lunch Shirley discusses this article with the editor, the author, and publisher Margaret Jessup. *William Ward Photos*



THIS is an autumn to make one glad that books are no longer copied by hand nor kept under lock and key but set out in shop windows where they can be bought for the price of a few milk shakes or displayed on library shelves to be borrowed by simple exchange of a stamped card. To know which books to own, to lend, to reread and which to borrow and skim—that takes a bit of looking over and looking through.

First off you have to reckon with the fact that your own time is rationed, what with school, home, and country all needing your bit. Even if you read in bed, bus, and bathroom, you can't read everything. And on the other hand, if you're the outdoor type who never really has a yen to read a book, you can't skip everything.

A real book about a real girl—here she is in the midst of our own stressful times able to take the world in her stride, working while her husband is overseas, living a life which should be ordinary but isn't, making the most of her everydays—but merrily. In *The Sea Between* (Doubleday, Doran; \$2.00) Lavinia Davis gives us genuine characters who talk the way real people talk and get themselves in and out of situations which might be ours.

Speaking of those who do things, some of the real people are real people, if you know what we mean, and you will when you read Rachel Baker's *The First Woman Doctor* (Messner, \$2.00). It's the story of Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., 1847, when crowds jeered, small boys hooted, mobs threatened, and newspapers headlined this shy but determined little woman. All her days she pioneered against both terrific and amusing odds. The first nursing school in America was founded by her, also the battlefield nursing service of the Civil War. She was old-fashioned as a cradle but modern in spirit as a gal in the ferry command.

Another biography to make you proud of your countrymen is *Dr. George Washington Carver, Scientist*, by Shirley Gra-

What's New in Books

This season's bookshelf offers a rich treasure of fact and fiction—books for every mood and every taste

By MARGUERITE HARMON BRO
and RUTH TOOZE



ham and George D. Lipscomb (Messner, \$2.50). Fancy one man's changing the economy of the South by means of that insignificant little item, the peanut. When his neighbors, black and white, faced starvation from the devastation of the boll weevil in their cotton, Dr. Carver shut himself in his laboratory and worked day and night for a week breaking down the peanut and then building its components into new combinations. Before he died he had made from the peanut more than three hundred useful products as varied as rich milk, cheese, dye, and wood. Simple, shy, humorous, but a genius was this Negro chemist who made Tuskegee Institute both a demonstration laboratory and a shrine for scientists. You will swallow hard a few times as you read this book.

Lone Journey, by Jeanette



Eaton (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), is the story of Roger Williams, a patriot of dauntless deeds and daring tongue who fought for freedom three centuries before our day. Good, direct writing which carries you along. And the woodcut

illustrations by Woodi Ishmael are something special. It is never easy to take a hero down off the wall and make him walk and talk like a man with whom men and women must once have chuckled and planned and worked and wept. Edmund Fuller does this difficult thing for the poet John Milton, in his book of that name (Harpers, \$2.50). All at once we see Milton as a man fighting for his political beliefs, stubbornly outriding his own blindness, outsparring his prominent opponents. Understanding the man makes a difference in ap-

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Wrap Your GIFTS

A professional gift wrapper lets you in on some of the secrets of her trade, and they're sure to surprise you

By MARY LULL

A LOT of the fun of Christmas presents, a lot of the gaiety and promise and excitement, is in the way they're wrapped. Not that the contents aren't important, too; there's no denying that. But the colorful packages set the note of the occasion.

If you've always thought that it took expensive papers, elaborate ribbons, and fancy store-made ornaments to turn out really artistic packages, here's where you change your mind. This is the time when the box, string, and scrap savers come into their own. They may have been the butt of jokes for years, but now they can laugh back, and smugly.

From the directions below, you'll see that all the packages shown here can be made of the simplest paper, or no paper, of bits of ribbon and pieces of material from the scrap bag, of old boxes pulled down from the attic. Consider these designs a starting point, a stepping-off place for your imagination. Use the technique described and dream up your own trick wrappings. The compliments will be yours!

1—A true-to-life effect can be achieved with raised paper. Here it is used to make a candle. All you need is a piece of firm, shiny paper about $3\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and as long as you want the candle to be (that will depend on the size of your box). Turn under the long edges of the paper about $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Apply paste to the underside of the folded edge. As you put it on the package, so that the long edges just touch each other, the top of your length of paper will stand up round and firm. A slightly-crushed "flame" of sil-

ver or gold paper, or grey or yellow, is pasted above the top of the candle. Cut the top of the candle unevenly, to show where it's "burned down."

Holly, sprigs of pine, real or artificial, are traditionally lovely on Christmas packages. Use them alone or as a complement to one of these other decorative designs.

2—A Christmas card shows up a second year as part of a Christmas wrapping. Paste it on a plain box—useful to hide store names—and see for yourself how gay and different it looks. Also this bow without ties—could be salvaged from an old corsage, pressed, and pasted on the package.

3—What's Christmas without bells? These look far trickier than they are. Roll a tube of crepe paper, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter, about 5" long. Paste the long edge together. Twist one end shut—just the way wax paper is twisted around the ends of a piece of taffy. Turn back the edge at the other end, stretching the paper gently as you do. Tie the tops of bells with ribbon or colored string.

4—The angel is really a paper doily; her wings, fan-shape cuts of the lacy edge; and her skirt, a larger fan shape pasted down in loose folds so that it stands out from the package. Draw her head, bodice, and arms on plain white paper, and color them. A ruff of net for a halo and a bit of ribbon for her sash make her all the prettier.

5—A fireplace cut out of red-brick paper (you can buy it at dime stores and stationery stores) and gay bits of paper cut into the proper shapes for

the stockings that "were hung by the chimney with care"—an interesting motif on a solid-colored background. When you can, use unwrapped boxes—saves paper, and they still look pretty after they're opened.

6—Simple but effective, a Christmas tree of green paper cut out with pinking shears—that is, if your mother will let you use them. If she won't, notch the paper with regular scissors.

7—The snow man is made of balls of cotton, built up just the way you would a real snow man. Dots and half dots of paper make his buttons and eyes. Cut out a hat and mittens of plain paper and paste them on. This bow, by the way, is just a strip of cotton, tied in the middle, and pasted on the box.

8—Bells again, but this time of leftover scraps of silver paper. Cut out the simple outline of a bell in any size you like. Apply paste only to the edges. As you paste it onto the package, run your finger or a pencil under the center of the bell so that it stands up in a round, bell-like shape. A dot of silver makes the clapper.

Equidistant bands of ribbon of different colors for your staff, cut-out silver notes for the music—these make a distinctive package. Paste ribbon ends to inside of box top, and the effect won't be spoiled by opening.

9—And finally, a Merry Christmas, in twine, cord, or yarn pasted on to form the letters. Or you can fashion the name of the lucky receiver. Incidentally, that gay plaid bow is made out of a scrap of taffeta cut out with pinking shears. Happy wrapping!



With Imagination

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Mystery

THE STORY UP TO NOW

When Gilly Prescott entered the candid camera contest she arranged with Doug McCord to use his darkroom for developing her negatives. By way of thanks she decided to take a picture of Doug's father through the window of his flower shop. She ruined her first attempt by making a double exposure, but was satisfied with her second shot. But when she showed the print to Doug he said he'd never seen the man in his life! Just then they were interrupted by the grocer who called them into the shop where they found Mr. McCord unconscious from a blow on the head. Later Mr. McCord told the police he didn't know who'd hit him, but when the police discovered the \$500 receipts from the sale of a benefit tickets missing, they implied he'd framed the holdup and stolen the money himself. Gilly had a feeling she knew something that would clear Mr. McCord, but she couldn't think what! Now go on with Chapter III.

SUDDENLY Gilly's mind cleared, and she knew what it was she'd been trying to remember. Of course! Why, she could prove Mr. McCord hadn't staged a burglary.

It seemed hours, but actually it was only a few minutes later that Mr. McCord was safely in bed, the doctor and Cartwright had gone, and Gilly could get Doug alone to tell him her news.

"Doug, listen. We can prove your father didn't do it!"

He looked at her blankly, and she said it over again.

"That picture I took," she added, "the one through the shop window. I thought it was your father, but you said you'd never seen him before in your life. Don't you remember?"

Doug's eyes widened slowly.

"It must have been the thief," Gilly said.

"Of course it was!" Doug grabbed both her hands and gripped them until they hurt. "What a break! Come on."

Eagerly she followed him into the darkroom, and they stood together staring down at the print that still lay in the developing tray. The thin, dark face of the man Gilly had pho-

Gilly was only minutes away from clearing up the whole unhappy situation when the criminal suddenly struck again!

By ADAM ALLEN

Author of "New Broome Experiment"



"I put my books down here just a minute ago," she said to the soda clerk. "Did you move them?"

tographed looked across the counter and through the window, right at them.

"Show it to the policeman—to that sergeant," Gilly urged.

"He's gone. They were both leaving right away to make their report," Doug told her. "The sergeant said they'd come back tomorrow to take fingerprints and stuff like that. He certainly didn't seem to be in any hurry. But then," Doug's voice was bitter, "I guess he doesn't think he'll find any but Dad's."

"Couldn't we call them then, and ask them to come back? Or—no . . ." Those policemen hadn't been too polite to either Gilly or Doug; obviously the sergeant, at least, was pretty impatient with kids. "Let's dry it off fast and take it to the police station. I'll do it. I know you have to stay here."

"Will you? That will be great!"

Doug had already pulled the print out of the wash, and he rinsed it hastily in clear water and flattened it on a ferrotype board with swift, sure strokes of the squeegee.

"We don't have to wait for it to dry," Gilly said impatiently.

"Of course not. I'll pull it off of here and put it between a couple of sheets of blotting paper."

Scarcely five minutes after they had come into the darkroom, the print was ready. Gilly laid it carefully between the two school books she had brought along so that it wouldn't look as if she had expected Doug to talk to her while her negatives were drying.

"Look," Doug said, "I—hope you make out all right. I won't be able to phone you, because our phone is down in the shop and the police locked up the place."

"I could stop back and let you know what happened. If you want me to, I mean," Gilly added.

"If I want you to!"

"I'll come back."

By the time she reached the street, Gilly was a little heady with all the worry and excitement, but after she had walked a block toward the police station she began to function more rationally. It occurred to her then that she ought to call her mother and explain things; she was going to be later than she'd intended. There was a drug-store at the next corner and Gilly hurried in, changed the quarter in her pocket into nickels, put her books on the edge of the counter, and went into the booth.

She had rather hoped it wouldn't be necessary to tell Mother the whole story, because it sounded so complicated, and she was in such a hurry; but somehow the brief explanation she tried to make wasn't enough. Mother kept saying, "But I don't understand, dear." And finally Gilly put another nickel into the telephone, and applied herself conscientiously to a recital of the whole unhappy business. Mother was wonderful, once she understood. When Gilly came out of the booth she was thinking gratefully what a grand person Mrs. Prescott was. Some parents might have absolutely gone into a tailspin if their daughter called them up with a tale that involved thieves and the police and . . .

Gilly reached out toward the counter for her books, but her hand stayed suspended in air. They weren't there.

"I put my books down here just a minute ago," she said to the very young clerk behind the soda counter. "Did you—did you move them somewhere?"

"Two books, was it, with a

She found herself running faster than she'd ever run before, as if her life depended upon reaching the shop.



sheet of something in between?"

"Yes, yes. Did you take them?"

"Not me. But your uncle did. He said he'd be waiting for you outside in the car."

"My uncle?" Gilly repeated the words blankly. For a moment she actually tried to think which of her three uncles might for some reason be in Clinton that night, and how one of them might have learned she'd be in this particular store. And then she knew.

"Which way did the man go?" Her voice was a little shrill.

"Your uncle?"

"He wasn't my uncle," Gilly said desperately. "Where'd he go?"

"Well, he said he was your uncle." The clerk seemed to have a one-track mind, and Gilly could have shaken him.

"Never mind who he was. Where did he go when he left here?"

"I don't know. He said he'd wait for you in the car."

In a flash Gilly was outside. Of course there was no car there. She'd known there wouldn't be. The thief had

somehow known what it was she had, and had followed her to steal it.

The panic that overwhelmed her as she stood there staring at the vacant curbstone gave way almost immediately to an angry satisfaction. This proved it. Mr. McCord must be innocent. Not that she had ever doubted it for a moment, of course; but the police had. They'd realize, though, that Mr. McCord couldn't get up out of bed and steal a picture; he wouldn't want to anyway. It proved his innocence. But it proved the guilt of somebody else—or suggested it; the thief must have seen her when she took the photograph, and risked coming after her to get rid of dangerous evidence.

Gilly turned resolutely to-

ward the right, in the direction of the police station. For a block she walked very fast, and then she began to slow down. And in the middle of the second block she stopped. She had been trying over to herself the speech she would make to Sergeant Gresham when she found him; and the more she tried it, the weaker it sounded. Besides, an hour wouldn't make any difference. Rather than have the police think she was making a story up out of whole cloth, it would be a lot wiser to go back to Doug's and make another print of the picture. The police couldn't disbelieve a picture. But they might—remembering that look in Sergeant Gresham's eye, it seemed terribly likely—they might not believe Gilly's word.

Now she started to hurry again, back toward the flower shop. She thought with grim pleasure how stupid most people were about photography; they actually thought that if they had destroyed a print, they had destroyed everything. Gilly had frequently found herself annoyed at the widespread ignorance about the principles of picture-making; but now it seemed to her a most fortunate thing.

She could conjure up a pretty vision of the surprise and consternation on the thief's face when, confronted with a second print of himself.

"You should have taken up photography as a hobby when you were a boy," Gilly imagined herself saying coolly to him, if she happened to be present when the dramatic event took place. "Then

you would have known how futile it is to steal a print instead of a negative."

She wondered if she and Doug would be there. It was sort of exciting to be working with the police. Sergeant Gresham would look at his young assistants with deep respect as the dark-faced man was being led to his cell. And Sergeant Gresham would apologize to Mr. McCord for ever suggesting that there might have been anything suspicious about the robbery; and he would tell everybody that if it hadn't been for the loyalty and clear thinking of Doug and Gilly, a terrible mistake might have been made.

Gilly's head went up proudly as she mused on with her day-dream. She smiled to herself.

The next moment Gilly was huddled up on the couch, crying like a five-year-old



Gilly felt rather than saw a car pull slowly abreast of her and hover, along at her side. And suddenly her fine, calm superiority dissolved into terror. The man had come back! He knew Gilly had seen him!

For a frozen second she was not able to move at all; and then strength poured into her legs, and she found herself running faster than she'd ever run in her life, tearing along the quiet Monday-night street as if her very life depended upon reaching the haven of the flower shop. "And for all I know, it does," Gilly told herself wildly.

When she arrived at the entrance beside the shop—the little door that led to the narrow hall and the stairs to the McCord apartment—she forced herself to look back. There wasn't a car in sight. Had she outdistanced her pursuer? Or had he only wanted to make sure she wasn't going to the police? Or—had the car had nothing to do with her at all? Had it perhaps just been someone driving slowly in order to look for a house number in the darkness? After all, she couldn't possibly have got away from the car if it were really trying to catch her.

Gilly felt foolish and shamefaced, but that didn't prevent her from shaking all over. Her heart was beating wildly, and her knees were as wobbly as gelatin. She leaned against the doorjamb to catch her breath, and fumbled in her pocket for a comb. Absently her fingers dug around; then she realized she had neither compact nor comb with her. She ran her hand through her disheveled hair and straightened her beret. She tried to stop trembling, to be calm, before she went up the gloomy stairway (Continued on page 42)



There's Something Bewitchin' about a Kitchen

"What to do" when the gang comes over? There's a whole flock of answers in the revised 75th Anniversary edition of Pillsbury's "Cookin' Up Kitchen Dates." It's a slick booklet—lively reading, chuckly pictures, swell ideas.

You know how the guys and gals like to gather in the kitchen. Well, "Cookin' Up Kitchen Dates" tells you how to do something about it . . . to make yours the best party ever. And this revised issue includes an entirely new recipe section with party suggestions that are super.

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You'll like "Cookin' Up Kitchen Dates" — its cartoons, quiz section, and quick recipes. It's just what you need for your date night fun.

Send for your free copy . . . use the coupon. It'll take just a minute and bring you hours of fun!

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Please send me my free copy of "Cookin' Up Kitchen Dates"

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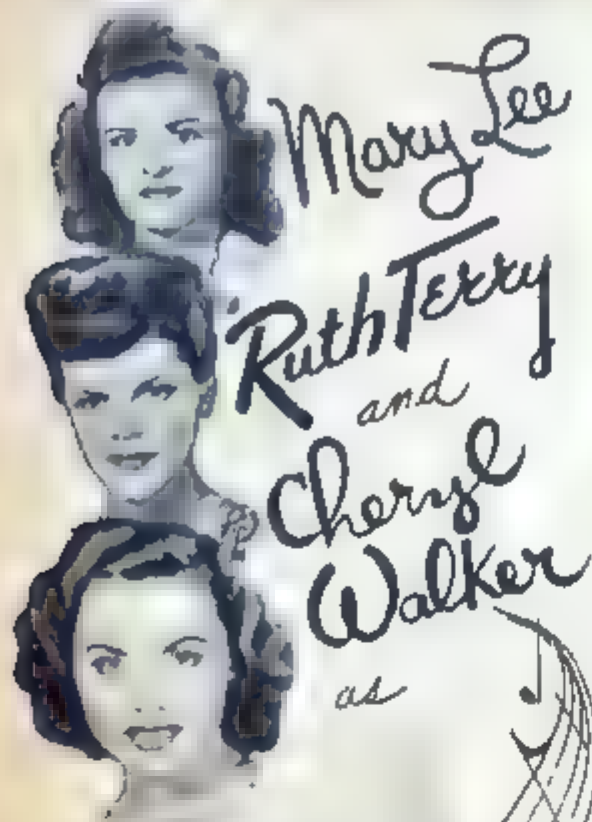
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Make a date with



Mary Lee
Ruth Terry
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Three Little Sisters

and have the
time of your life
as they take you on a
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Look! The sweethearts of "Stage Door Cartoon"—Cheryl Walker and William Terry!

SONG HITS!

"Three Little Sisters" • "Kheki Wacky Sue"
"A Little Old-Fashioned Looking Girl"
"Don't Forget the Girls Back Home"
"Sweet Dreams Sweetheart"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



MOVIES of the Month

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS

Movie Editor

1—It doesn't take an actress to be a cover girl, but it usually takes a pretty girl to be an actress, as Joan Carroll proves on this month's **CALLING ALL GIRLS** cover and in her newest film "Tomorrow the World." Skippy Homeier, as a German boy who comes to America, plays with her. Joan tries to be friends, but Skippy has to be educated out of his Nazi notions of superiority before this is possible. (U.A.)

2—A cute dog brings Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray together in "Practically Yours"—but he does it in spite of Fred's equally dogged determination to remain a hard-to-get bachelor. (Para.)

3—Frederic Chopin (Cornel Wilde) plays a duet with Franz Liszt in "A Song to Remember." Chopin's lovely music, beautifully recorded; splendid acting (Paul Muni, Merle Oberon are starred); and excellent color make a film to remember (Col.)

4—"The Very Thought of You" is a phrase full of meaning for young people separated by the war. A film with that title should and does tell us of their loneliness and courage. Eleanor Parker, Dennis Morgan are the romantic leads. (Warner)

5—It's been a long time since we've had a picture of Lon McCallister, for Pvt. McCallister now works for Uncle Sam. But when "Winged Victory" was to be filmed with a soldier cast, Lon was given an important role. Here he is, your favorite new star, first on a column right (20th C-Fox)

6—You'll be seeing a lot of Sharyn Moffett, she's that good! Grey Shadow is the dog Wolf in "My Pal, Wolf." (RKO)

7—This film is "Three Is a Family," but we count four—which is why Papa (Fred Brady) helps Mama (Marjorie Reynolds) dress the pin-up Lambertson twins. (U.A.)

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.



"Flying Fish— *Up and at 'em*"

NAVY scout planes have sighted enemy ships. The pilots break radio silence to flash the position. Torpedo planes on task force carriers take off for action — each with a deadly flying fish!

Radiotelephone carries the word from far-ranging planes in today's air and sea battles. Planes can attack without opposing fleets ever coming within range of each other's big guns. It's a new kind of naval warfare made possible by radiotelephone.

The special communications equipment used by Navy planes is but another example of how Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists and workers at Western Electric, manufacturers for the Bell System, are helping our forces to win battles around the world.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

If you write to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

"PEPPY MISS"

Baby Doll

HAT and BAG SET



The set your crowd will rave over . . . whether you wear the "baby-face" hat and carry the "saddle-roll" bag yourself—or give it to your best chum for Christmas!

Of velveteen—in sparkling holiday colors: Santa red, brown, jungle green, gay fuchsia, cadet blue, wine.

Hat: (to fit any headsize) \$2.00

Bag: (plus 20% federal tax) \$2.50

At the following fine stores:

Baltimore, Md.	The Hub
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Indianapolis, Ind.	Brown, Thomson, Inc.
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	The Hucht Co.

or for store in your city write:

WEISS & WOLF
8 West 27th St., New York 18, N. Y.



It's a Beauty-full Christmas!

Choose loveliness to give or to receive. It's a gift to delight any girl up to Grandma's age!

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

THIS year there are so many delicious-smelling perfumes and soaps and powders, and glamorizing cosmetics and manicure kits, all dressed up in pretty packages, that you could easily buy gifts for every girl on your Christmas list right at one counter! And that means such "girls" as your mother, grandmother, and Aunt Sally as well as sisters and friends your own age. There's really something for everyone who loves a touch of luxury—and who doesn't? Best of all, many of the most attractive gift packages we've seen

are priced to suit teen purses. (Don't forget to figure on the 20% tax on these products that Uncle Sam gets.) Here are some we like and think you will like whether you buy them to give away or suggest that you'd be thrilled to find them in your own stocking on Christmas morning. Some of them are fairly important, such as good perfume; some are little presents, such as inexpensive novelty lipsticks; all of them are sure to win a warm thank-you.

FUN FOR THE BATH

Nothing makes one feel more purr-y than a luxurious bath with all the

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.



trimmings. These make wonderful gifts: For the true fragrance of fresh flowers, Yardley's bath salts are tops (1). Red Roses is our pet, a big, generous jar with plastic top for \$2.50, sizes for \$3.50, BIGGEST for \$5.

Powder mitts are handy (no pun) and practical. The refillable one by Le Sonnier comes in dainty pastel rayon with velour palm and includes refill package of apple blossom dusting powder—\$1.25.

Parfait's Body Powder Mitt, bouquet-fragrant, may be had in delicate peach, pink, blue, or white, boxed with a bow-knot of cold-cream soap in matching scent, both for \$1.50.

Tussy's Pinafore bath preparations are gingham-gay and smell delightfully fresh (2). Shakers of dusting powder, Bubblesence, and three cakes of petal-shaped Pinafore soap would come to \$2 together, or you can always buy them separately. Cologne is \$1.

MANICURE KITS GET A GREAT HAND

Nearly all the makers of liquid polish have more or less elaborate kits. We like

The cute Cutex box shown (3) of leatherette, with polish and remover, cuticle remover, orange stick, emery board, and nail-white pencil—price, \$1.50.

Dura-Gloss' nest blue and red rayon taffeta pouch (5) fitted with polish, remover, and cuticle remover, plus orange stick, cotton, and emery board, all for 59c at drug and five-and-dime stores.

HOW DO YOU RATE ON Fragrance Appeal?

That's important! Teeners must be extra fussy about perfumes.

Scents that are too heavy—or too sticky-sweet—are poison to hi-schoolers. You're "in" with Solon Palmer's BROCADE—something super added to dewy-fresh garden scents . . . It's the right note for date-bound juniors . . . for Fragrance Appeal that can't miss.



● Here's your fragrance line-up . . . exquisitely packaged perfume and toilet essentials—in BROCADE

Brocade

BY
palmer
SINCE 1887



Perfume, \$1.50, \$5; Cologne, \$1. Sachet, \$1. Dusting Powder, \$1. Talcum, \$1.50. Bath Salts, \$1.50. Soap (1 cake), \$1. Pine Toner.

OLON PALMER • NEW YORK

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It's a Weatherbee

Copy-catted right from your man-of-the-hour, this WEATHERBEE rain-or-shiner is "hep" to the Junior set. Choose it in neutral tan or Airforce blue combed cotton poplin. Sizes 10 to 16 . . . About \$12.00

In combed cotton twill: tan, red or Airforce blue. Sizes 7 to 14. About \$9.00

At better stores everywhere

TRIANGLE RAINCOAT CO., Inc.
320 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.



Not one, not two, but five of Revlon's most luscious colors in the Color Chest (4). Miniature bottles of polish, with Adheron, too, in a kit of red and silver, red and white, or black and white, lined with silver and only \$1.50.

Vicki, an entrancing ceramic figure (9), conceals bottles of La Crosse nail polish, remover, and polish base, together with nail file, cotton, and orange stick. It's a lovely gift for \$2.25.

PERFUME IS DEE-VINE

Whether you splurge on expensive extract for Mother or choose a modest cologne, you can't go wrong on these lovelies:

Elizabeth Arden's de luxe cologne is even called by a more romantic name—Flower Mist (8). There are a number of fragrances, but Blue Grass is our favorite, tangy and different. Priced \$1.50 and looks like more. Larger bottles, \$2.50 and \$4.50.

Old South Cotton Blossom Cologne comes in a bottle that's a charmer in itself—\$1.25. The little trunk containing a tiny bell of Old South Perfume—costs \$1 and will serve as a treasure chest for trinkets long after the delightfully delicate perfume is used up (7).

Brocade, by Palmer, is a haunting fragrance, light but alluring. The large size pictured (8) is \$5—there is also a smaller bottle for \$2.50.

Avon's famous products aren't in the shops, but if their representative comes to your house you'll probably have a hard time choosing among the lovely, moderately-priced things. Avon's Gold Box (10) offers three popular odors—Trailing Arbutus, Cotillion, and Gardenia—all for \$1.50.

LIPSTICKS—IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF MISTLETOE

You'll find dozens of good makes, in smart containers, in shades to suit the most fussy. Take your choice! We mention these because they are novel or have special properties:

Tipstik, the most original lipstick we've seen. Cheap enough to give as an "extra" gift, smart enough to carry your Christmas wishes by itself—only 25c at drug and ten-cent stores.

Another not-exactly-a-lipstick from Hollywood is Brush 'n' Blend, cream lip rouge and brush, both for 25c at the five-and-dime stores.

Tangee is the lipstick that becomes you—that actually seems to change color on your lips and gives such a natural effect. You'll find it in both 39c and \$1 sizes.

Lipstick and matching nail polish are the Ultimate in Smartness. Revlon's Memory Box—a charming nosegay shadow box—contains a full-size lipstick and a big bottle of nail enamel in the same yummy shade, \$1.25.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I have a girl-friend who will do anything for popularity. She shows off all the time and dresses rather wildly just to get attention. She even does things which are rather harmful to another person. She is a very nice girl. What can I do to make her see that she is wrong?—Jean S., aged 12, Pennsylvania.

JEAN speaks of her friend as a "very nice girl," and she does not seem to wish to be too critical. She probably understands how natural it is for a girl to want to be popular, but she realizes that to achieve popularity it is not necessary to go to extremes or to act foolish.

As we have often said, it is good to learn to look for reasons for difficulties when trying to solve a problem. In the case of Jean's friend, for instance, we might ask ourselves why she seeks to attract attention to herself by dressing "wildly." We can only guess at the real underlying causes, for we do not have many details to go on.

Frequently we find that those who seem to be straining very hard after success are not very sure of themselves. Does Jean's friend lack confidence and, if so, why? Have the other girls and boys shown that they appreciate her admirable qualities, which Jean, for example,

has learned to enjoy? Do her own family, her teachers, and other people she knows and cares about make her feel wanted, needed, liked? Has she had some helpful advice about good taste—in clothes as well as in manners?

On the other side of the picture, it is possible that Jean's description of her friend may be a bit extravagant, because she herself may be a quieter, more conservative person. We cannot all have the same tastes or ideas, of course, and one must try to be both tolerant and appreciative of differences. This is possible, moreover, without going to the other extreme and seeming to condone or approve of things we really believe are objectionable or unworthy, in ourselves or others.

Jean cannot answer all the questions we have raised about her friend, and, even if she could, it would probably not be in her power to do much about some of them. It is good to learn to look for reasons before judging others too harshly or expecting quick "cures."

•Nobody is perfect; most of us sometimes do or say unkind or thoughtless things which we may later regret. But troubled, insecure people are more likely continually to find it hard to get along with others.

When they have reason to be somewhat critical of her, Jean and the other girls can try to put themselves in the place of the girl about whom Jean wrote. They certainly do not want to preach or hold themselves up as "better." That would make their friend feel only more insecure. Perhaps, instead, if they put some of their thought and energy into working hard at self-improvement, they will be helping her, too, by their own good example.

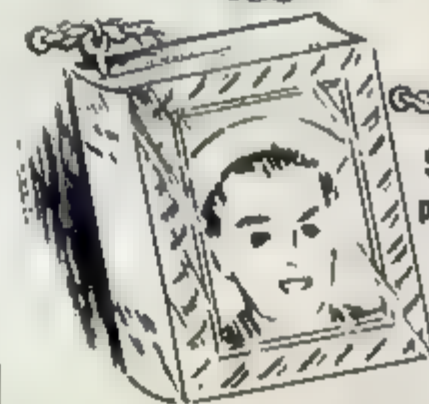
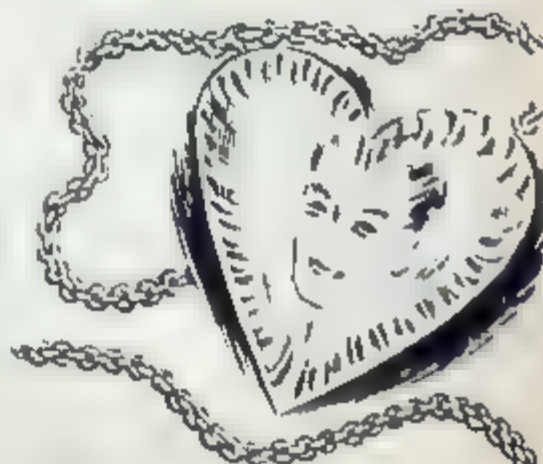
(Continued on page 54)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Pose.
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\$1. each
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Super charm bracelets designed to hold your "crush's" picture . . . In either Heart or Album shaped crystal Lucite Frame.

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389 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Edna Kirvin

LOVELY POWERS MODEL

*"A model needs
good health habits"*



A week night? Yes. And look who's staying in. It's lovely Edna Kirvin, black-haired, blue-eyed Powers model. Shut-eye for Edna. After all, a beauty has to snuggle down and get her beauty sleep. Plenty of it, too.

Edna says, "I need my sleep. Any model does, if she's to look fresh and dewy before the camera. Exercise is important, too. Also three good meals a day. I get lots of fresh fruits and vegetables, and milk. Breakfast time finds me including those swell whole wheat flakes, Wheaties. They're tasty, and good for me."

You, too. So take a tip from Edna—include Wheaties in *your* model life. Have a big bowlful with plenty of milk and fruit at breakfast. Such crisp, crackly flakes. Nourishing, too—Wheaties. Whole grain food values.

SPECIAL! Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of three, including Edna Kirvin. Each picture 5 by 7 in., suitable for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to **General Mills, Inc., Dept. 946, Minneapolis 15, Minn.**

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



INCLUDE WHEATIES IN YOUR MODEL LIFE!

WOMAN AT THE WARS

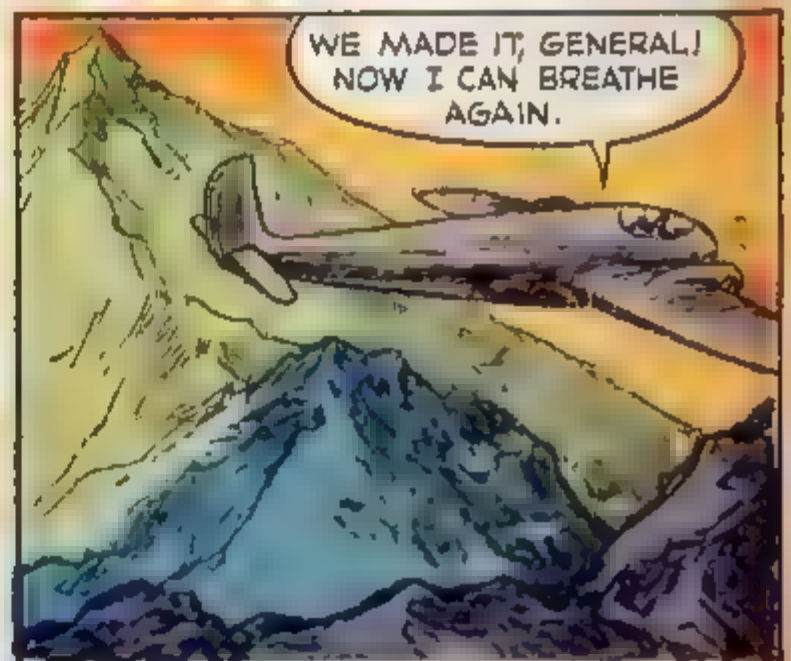


ELEANOR PACKARD, STAFF CORRESPONDENT FOR THE UNITED PRESS, HAS BEEN IN THE THICK OF THE WARS ALONG WITH HER WAR-CORRESPONDENT HUSBAND, REYNOLDS PACKARD. HERE ARE SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF HER ADVENTUROUS CAREER

ELEANOR PACKARD WAS THE ONLY WOMAN CORRESPONDENT TO COVER THE WAR IN ETHIOPIA IN 1934-35. ONE TIME AS SHE WAS TAKING OFF FROM A MAKESHIFT AIRFIELD...

IF WE CAN JUST MISS THE SOLDIERS I STATIONED TO SHOW WHERE THOSE HOLES AND BOULDERS ARE, WE'LL BE OKAY.

AND IF THAT BROKEN AXLE HOLDS!



WE MADE IT, GENERAL! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN.

NOT LONG AFTERWARD, THE PACKARDS WERE SENT TO COVER THE WAR IN SPAIN. ONE DAY, WHILE THEY WERE THERE...

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED AGAIN.

YOU MEAN "STILL." DO YOU THINK THE AUTHORITIES WILL EVER TRUST US OUT OF THEIR SIGHT?

LOOK! THE POLICE ARE TAKING AWAY THE FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BUT, WHY?

HE'S A SPY!

OUR ROOM HAS BEEN SEARCHED.

THE OTHER CORRESPONDENTS' ROOMS HAVE HAD A GOING-OVER, TOO.

THE NEXT DAY AT PRESS HEADQUARTERS...

YOU'RE WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE, SEÑORA PACKARD.

THEY MUST THINK I'M A SPY, TOO.

BUT AFTER ELEANOR HAD ANSWERED MANY FRIGHTENING QUESTIONS...

WELL, SEÑORA, YOU HAVE PROVED THAT YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE FRENCH CORRESPONDENT AND CERTAINLY KNEW NOTHING OF H.I.S. ACTIVITIES. THERE IS NO REASON TO DETAIN YOU FURTHER.

THANK YOU, COLONEL.

ELEANOR EVEN WENT INTO THE TRENCHES FOR COLORFUL EYE-WITNESS MATERIAL.

EITHER THEY'RE SURE I'M NOT A SPY OR THEY THINK ALLOWING ME TO COME HERE IS AN EASY WAY TO GET RID OF ME.

TOWARD THE END OF THE SPANISH WAR, IN THE SPRING OF 1939, ELEANOR AND HER HUSBAND WERE TRANSFERRED TO ROME. SOON AFTERWARD...

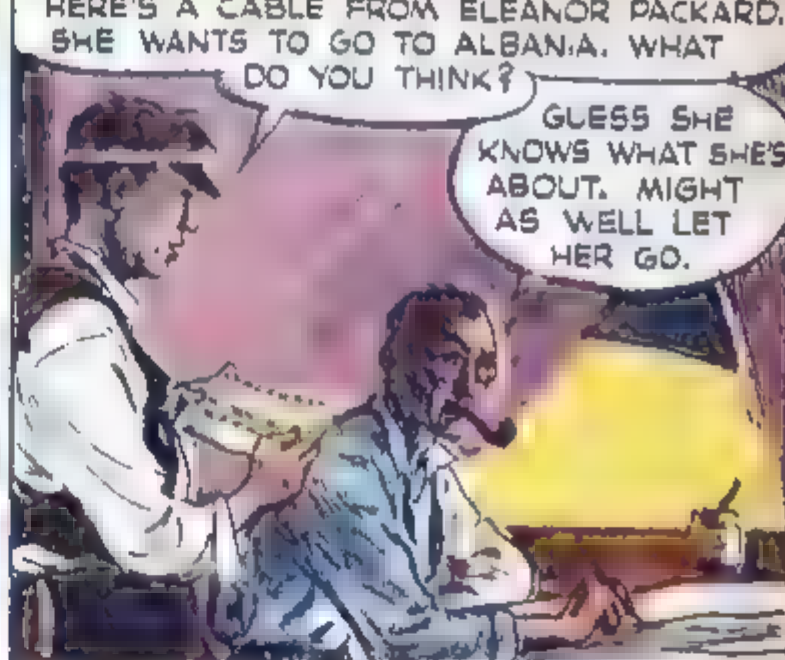
SOME NEW CRISIS IS ABOUT TO DEVELOP. I HAVE A HUNCH!



A FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE NEW YORK OFFICE...

HERE'S A CABLE FROM ELEANOR PACKARD. SHE WANTS TO GO TO ALBANIA. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

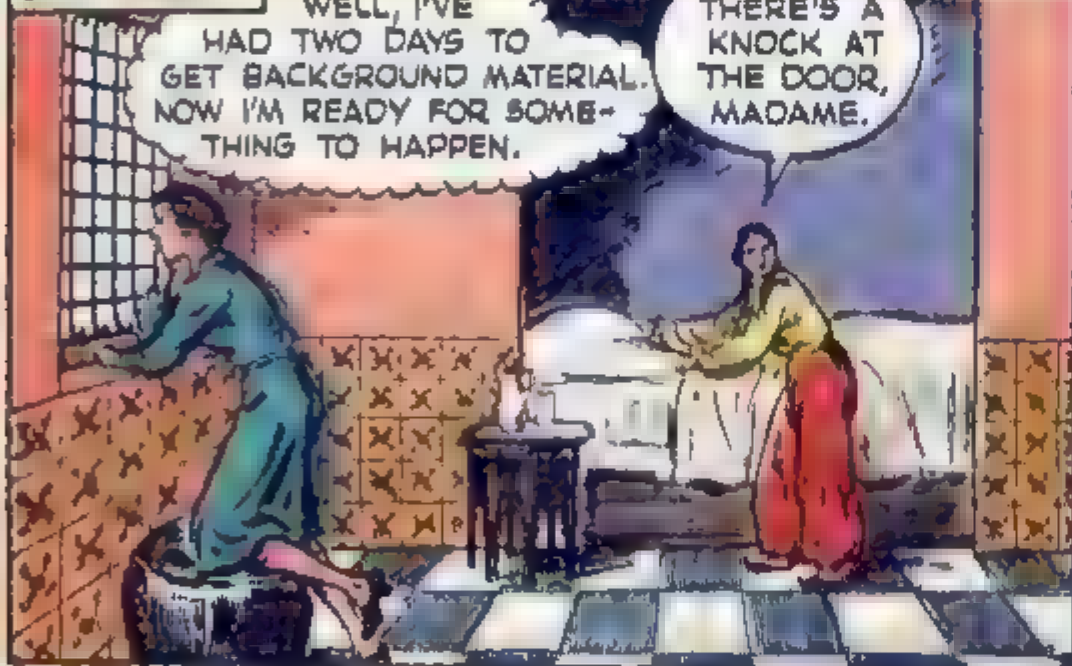
GUESS SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S ABOUT. MIGHT AS WELL LET HER GO.



AS SOON AS SHE RECEIVED PERMISSION FROM NEW YORK, ELEANOR FLEW TO TIRANA, CAPITAL OF ALBANIA. ON HER THIRD DAY THERE...

WELL, I'VE HAD TWO DAYS TO GET BACKGROUND MATERIAL. NOW I'M READY FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR, MADAME.



AND SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED!

ITALIAN TROOPS HAVE LANDED! THOSE ARE ITALIAN BOMBERS YOU HEAR OVERHEAD! COME TO THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT ONCE, MRS. PACKARD, FOR SAFETY.

SAFETY! I'M GETTING MY STORY OFF!



ELEANOR FILED THAT STORY. ON HER WAY TO TELEGRAPH ANOTHER...

THERE GOES KING ZOG'S GOVERNMENT. IT WILL ALL BE OVER SOON.



AFTER THE UNITED STATES AND ITALY WERE AT WAR, ELEANOR RETURNED HOME, TO GO LATER TO TURKEY AND THEN, IN MARCH, 1944, TO JOIN HER HUSBAND AGAIN. IN NAPLES...

REYNOLDS!

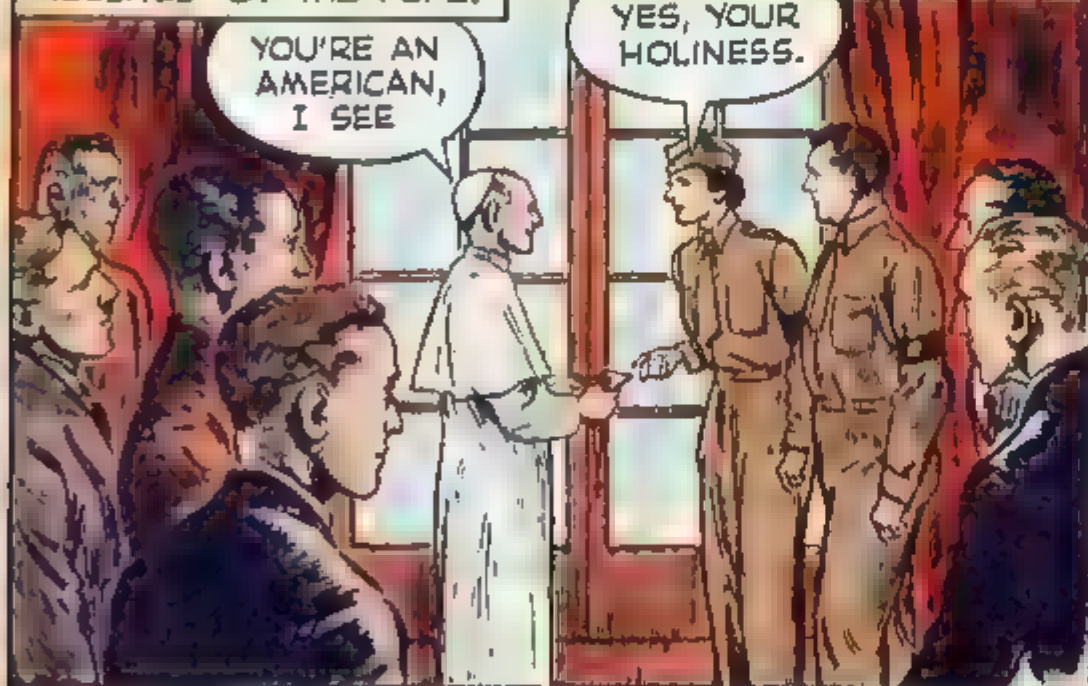
ELEANOR! HOW WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU WITH ME AGAIN!



ON JUNE 4, 1944, ELEANOR ENTERED ROME WITH THE FIFTH ARMY.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, A WOMAN WEARING TROUSERS WAS RECEIVED BY THE POPE!



YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, I SEE

YES, YOUR HOLINESS.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

COME ON, ELEANOR. WE HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

BUT THESE ARE MY ONLY CLOTHES.



NOT ALL OF ELEANOR'S RECEPTIONS IN ITALY WERE SO CORDIAL AND UNDERSTANDING. IN JULY, RIGHT BEHIND THE RETREATING NAZIS AT VOLTERRA...



I'M EXHAUSTED. I'M GOING TO STOP HERE.

OKAY, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON.

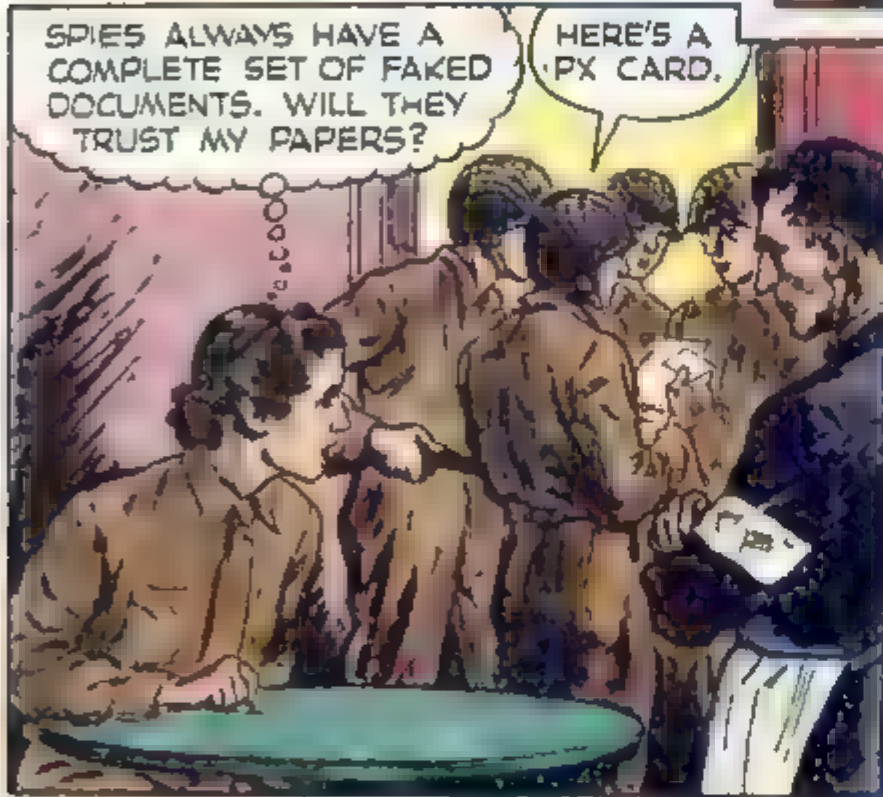
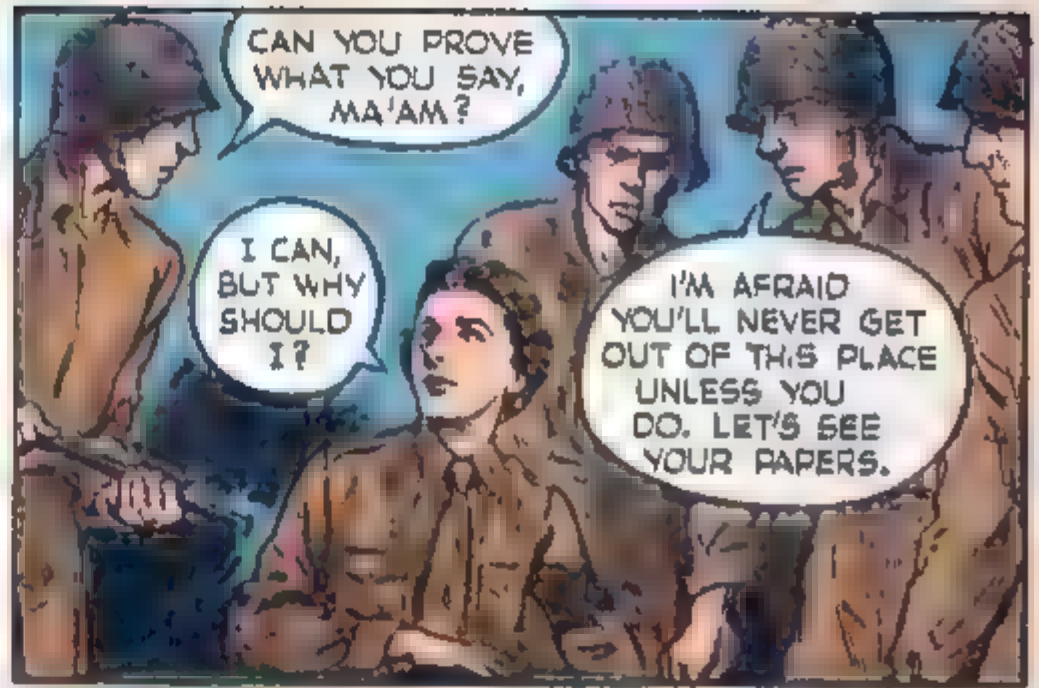
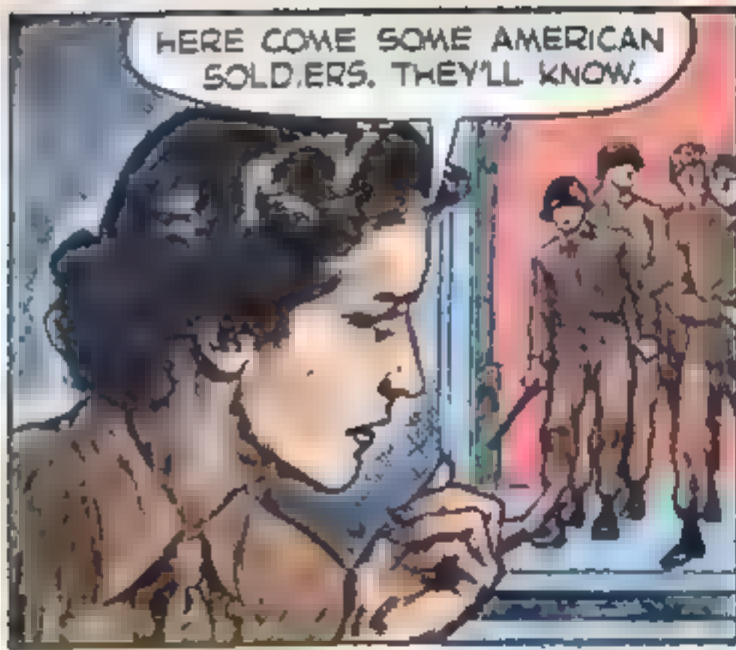


I JUST WANT... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HAVE YOU HEARD THERE'S A GERMAN WOMAN HIDING AROUND HERE?



BUT I'M NOT SHE. I'M AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.



"Gosh, Kit, you're sober as a judge. What's the matter? Aren't you excited about Christmas?" cried Lois, giving her a shake.



A veil of despair hid all joy and happiness for Kit and her family, until the star shone through

By MARY BRINKER POST

Christmas Star

KIT opened her locker in the home economics room and took out the things she'd made in sewing class for her family's Christmas. For Moms, a set of gay pot holders with a cheerful gremlin appliquéd on each one, a manly blue denim apron for Pop to broil steaks in when he was in one of his domestic moods, a slick red and white candy-striped pinafore for Molly. They really looked very nice, and Miss Anderson had given her an A on them, but Kit felt no flush of pride or

satisfaction as she carefully folded and laid them in the suit box she'd brought for carrying them home.

Her face was serious as she started out of the room, the box under her arm. Even when Miss Anderson called from her desk, where she was putting things away for vacation, Kit didn't smile.

"Merry Christmas, Kit. Have a lovely vacation," caroled Miss Anderson happily, her face warm and excited. "See you next year."

"Thank you. The same to

you, Miss Anderson," replied Kit soberly, and plodded out of the room.

When she pushed open the big door of the high school and started down the icy steps, someone yelled and came stampeding after her.

"Hey, Kit, wait!" shouted Lois Harvey, grabbing her arm. "Oh, boy, vacation! Two whole glorious weeks of vacation!" Lois sighed ecstatically and did a little dance down the steps. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Hello, Lois," said Kit quietly. "Oh, yes, it's swell." But her

voice was flat and unexcited.

Lois went rattling on, tossing her dark red curls. "Gee, isn't Christmas exciting? I mean, it really is! I still get a kick out of it, even after all these years. Tonight's Christmas eve, just imagine! Oh, golly, I can hardly wait! We'll trim the tree, wrap our presents, go to church, and then in the morning, it'll be Christmas. You know, I'm scarcely daring to hope, but I think I'm going to get that simulated beaver coat I've been hinting about to Mother and Dad."

With envy and wonder in her heart, Kit stared at Lois' flushed, happy face. How could Lois feel that way this year? "I wish I could, too," Kit thought, heavy and dead inside, "but I can't. I wonder if I ever will again. But of course to Lois, with no brother or father or anyone in the service, this year is just like any other year. Last year I felt just the way she does. Last year—it seems a century ago. I was a different person then, just a silly kid, but this year..."

"Gosh, Kit, you're sober as a judge. What's the matter? Aren't you excited about Christmas, or are you getting blasé or something?" cried Lois, giving her a shake.

Kit swallowed hard. "I just don't feel very Christmasy, Lois, that's all," she answered softly.

Suddenly her friend's face sobered. "Oh, gee—gee, I'm sorry," she said contritely. "I forgot. You—you haven't heard anything then—from Paul?"

Kit shook her head, and the taste of tears was bitter.

"He's still missing?" Lois asked in a hushed voice, her eyes full of pity.

Kit nodded. There was silence for a moment, then Lois squeezed Kit's arm. "I—I hope you'll have good news soon—maybe for Christmas."

"Thanks," said Kit, "but I guess things like that don't happen in real life, Lois. Only in the movies."

"Well, see you later," murmured Lois quickly, as if she

wanted to get away from Kit's gloom, back to her own excitement and happiness. "And—Merry Christmas, anyway." She hurried off, hailing a group of girls down the block.

"Merry Christmas," answered Kit mechanically, and turned her own corner. How could anyone in her house have a merry Christmas this year with Paul, her wonderful brother Paul, missing? She remembered the last time she'd seen him, handsome and tall and brown in his Army Air Forces uniform, laughing at her as she fingered his silver wings in awe.

"Kinda proud of your old brother, huh, kid?" he'd drawled, rumpling her hair.

Proud—she'd been simply bursting. Paul, her own brother, a bomber pilot! It was romance, excitement, adventure right in her own family. She'd basked in it for months,

even after he'd gone away. Even though Molly, his pretty wife, the girl he'd gone with all through high school and for the two years of college he'd had before he enlisted, went around tight-lipped and hollow-eyed because letters were slow in coming. And when she didn't hear . . .

But finally she did hear, not from Paul, from the War Department. "Missing . . ." And Molly, who was going to have a baby soon, hadn't cried at all, had just sat holding the telegram, staring at Moms. That had been their Christmas gift, that message coming two



"Oh, Pop," Kit thought, "you can't go through with it—not this Christmas eve."

long, fear-filled weeks ago.

With a heavy heart Kit went up the steps of her house, opened the door. A sharp fragrance assailed her as she went into the front room, a fragrance at once strange and heart-warmingly familiar. Even before she saw the tree standing green and waiting in the corner by the fireplace she knew it would be there. Her heart leaped and she stood staring at it; something she had thought too overwhelmed by grief ever to live again stirred deep inside her.

She dropped the suit box and her purse on the sofa, ran to the tree, and suddenly, without quite knowing why, she opened her arms and pressed its prickly, spicy branches to her chest, against her face, breathing deeply its woodsy, comforting fragrance. Everything had changed, but not this, not the wonder of having a fir tree in the house, not the sweet, wild scent, the magic all its perfume implied. When she turned around, her mother was standing in the hall, smiling at her.

"If you'll get the ornaments down from the attic, Kit, we'll trim the tree tonight," said Mom quietly. Yes, she was smiling and her voice was warm and kind, but Kit knew that under it lay a despair deeper even than her own. "I'm baking cookies, too. You know, our old gingerbread men. You can come and help cut them out."

Kit nodded, suddenly blinded by tears. She knew what her mother was doing now. "It's for me. She's trying to give Christmas back to me, in spite of the way she's feeling." With a quick gesture she brushed her hair off her forehead and the tears from her eyes, hoping Mom hadn't seen them.

"Swell, Moms," she said, smiling shakily. "I can do it, too, Moms. I can do it if you can. And how about popping some corn? No self-respecting Christmas tree is well-dressed without popcorn strings."

"Fine, dear. I ordered two

boxes of popcorn today. We'll get your father to build a fire in the fireplace tonight and we can all pop some after supper."

Kit put her arm around her mother and gave her a quick hug. They went out to the kitchen together where the warm, rich smells of spice and brown sugar mingled with the forest fragrance of the tree. Molly smiled up at Kit, though the blue hollows under her great brown eyes were deeper than ever.

"Hi, sub-deb," she said perkily.

"Hi, yourself, Little Mother," answered Kit, grabbing a handful of walnut meats from the bowl in Molly's lap. Molly slapped her hand and laughed.

"Fig. Get to work if you want to nibble."

It was like that all afternoon. They worked together, joking, bolstering each other; and whenever one of the long, desperate silences would fall, Kit would turn on the radio, but not to carol singing, always to

boogie-woogie or swing. Even Mom's gallantry and Molly's courage, couldn't quite take Christmas carols.

Pop came home, loaded with packages. Kit, running to meet him in the hall, saw his weary, lined face switch on a smile for her; and she could have cried. But she didn't. She only gave him a quick kiss and pretended to be frightfully curious about his bundles.

"No peeking, small fry," he warned. "Curiosity is just as bad for girls as it is for cats." And he stumped off upstairs to hide the gifts.

After supper they popped the corn and strung it, trimmed the tree, wrapped their gifts. Pop got out the stepladder to fix the gilt star, a little dingy and battered from its years, onto the very top of the tree; and afterward he went to the bookcase and took out a book.

Kit sat on the floor by the fire, very still, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her

(Continued on page 32)



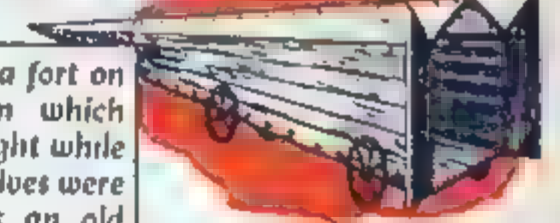
FORTS THAT MOVE

Tanks, from ancient
times to the present

13th Century
Siege
Tower



14th Century
Siege Wagon



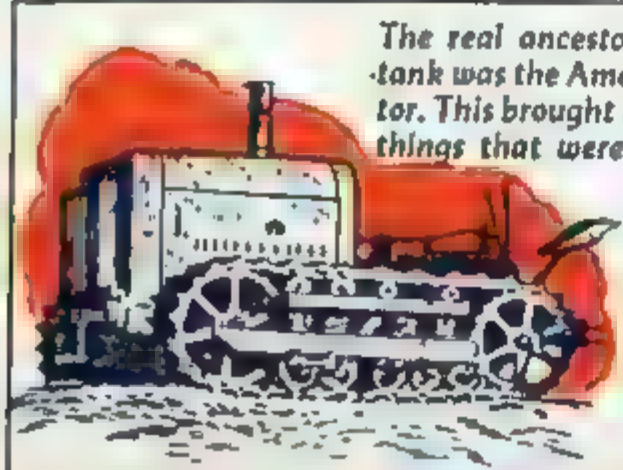
The idea of a fort on wheels, from which men could fight while they themselves were protected, is an old one. Early weapons of this type were easily stopped by mud, uneven ground, or obstacles



15th Century
War Machine



16th
Century
Land Ship



The real ancestor of the modern tank was the American farm tractor. This brought together the two things that were necessary—the gasoline engine and the endless belt or "Caterpillar" tread, which kept it moving, in spite of soft or rough ground.

England bought some of these tractors for study in 1916, and after many tests, finally produced the "tank," much like those we have today. To keep it secret the British told people that the factory was making water tanks for Russia, which is the reason for the name.



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American tanks have one great advantage over all others—the tank gun stabilizer, developed and built by Westinghouse. Thanks to this stabilizer, our tanks can move at full speed over the roughest ground, and their guns will stay pointed at the target. This, the Army says, makes our shooting five times more effective—a very important contribution to Victory.

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CHRISTMAS STAR

(Continued from page 30)

heart squeezed up inside of her. "Oh, Pop," she thought, "you can't go through with it tonight—not this Christmas eve." But he did. In his slow, deep, thoughtful voice he found the place and began to read, as he had read every Christmas eve she could remember.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed . . . and Joseph also went from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. . . ."

Kit bent her head so her family shouldn't see her face, and stared at the dancing flames in the hearth. All their happy Christmases together passed before her like familiar ghosts—Paul, kidding all through supper and the tree trimming and then, stretched out full length by the fire, suddenly grave as he listened to the great story. And last year, Paul sitting with Molly on the sofa, her head on his shoulder, their hands clasped, their faces bright with their love and the wonder of being newly married. How could Pop bear to read it this year?

Halfway through, Kit thought he was going to stop. His voice faltered, he paused, but went on again to the end. They all listened in silence, the embers falling apart on the hearth with a shower of sparks. "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." He closed the book and sat in his chair, and no one spoke for a moment. Then a sound from Molly made Kit turn quickly, but her mother was there before her.

"I—I think you'd better call—Dr. Ford," said Molly slowly and deliberately.

Pop was out in the hall like a shot, phoning the doctor, phoning the hospital. From then on Christmas, Paul, Kit, the war, everything was for-

gotten. They wanted Kit to stay home, but she couldn't. She slipped onto the back seat of the car beside Molly, and Molly held her hand hard all the way to the hospital.

The electric lights in the waiting room looked pale against the dawn when Mom came to Kit curled up in the big chair and touched her shoulder. Kit jumped up, blinking, ashamed for having fallen asleep.

"Come and see your new little nephew, Kit dear," said Mom in a soft, tired voice.

Molly looked small and white in the high hospital bed, and her head was bent over something that lay beside her in the curve of her arm. Kit stood at the door, scared and shaky.

"Look at him, Kit," she whispered. "Isn't he lovely?" And her eyes shone like stars.

"Why," thought Kit, "she's happy. She isn't pretending now at all. The hollows are gone from her eyes and the lines from around her mouth. She's not sad or worried any more, but happy."

All Kit could see was a tiny, puckered red face and an open, funny mouth like a baby bird's, but somehow she knew what Molly meant.

"Why, Molly," said Kit, "he is lovely, isn't he?"

Molly laughed and sighed a deep, satisfied sigh. "Paul has a son," she whispered. "Won't he be proud?"

Pop was standing by the window, and he pulled up the blind and the early morning light came into the room.

"Look," he said to Kit, and she went over to the window. Low in the east a star still glowed, the brightest star she had ever seen. "It's Christmas morning," said Pop. And all at once it was Christmas right in that little room.

"Oh," cried Kit, feeling about to burst with joy, with the miracle, "Merry Christmas, everyone. Merry Christmas!"

Gifts on the TEEN TRINKET TREE

(It's growing on opposite page)

Perfume Ball on a black velvet necklace. Filigree gilt metal, stuffed with cotton. Drop your favorite perfume on it and swoon! By Coro, about \$2.

Sterling-Silver Barrette, big hair-do hit. Have it engraved, of course. By Coro, about \$3.

Jeweled Combs in droolsome colors to give singly or in pairs. By Werthley, about \$1.50 each.

Fur Horse Pin for her (or your) winter coat. Gay, flashing jeweled eye. By Schreyer, about \$1.

Dog-Leash Belt and Collar Set in keen sports colors. By Belt Modes, about \$1.50 for belt; about \$1 for matching collar.

Twin-Buckle Belt in natural pigskin. For that new smooth tuck-in sweater-and-skirt silhouette. Styled by Schaffer, about \$2.

Suspend-O-Graphs in two-tone felt, complete with your best friends' names in colorful embroidery. By Gadgets, about \$1.

Filmy Aralac and Rayon Square, plaid on white ground. To wear as scarf or as head 'kerchief. By Glentex, about \$1.

Sheer Rayon Scarf that actually looks hand painted. It's guaranteed as sure-fire whistle bait. By Kimball, about \$2.

Stomp-Studded Felt Hat and Bag Set—really sharp! Styled by Teen-Town Bags, about \$4.

Heart Ear Muffs of colorful felt with flowery appliques. By Peppy Miss, about \$1.50.

Superstitious Aloysius, a metal gadget pin, spreads good luck as well as good holiday cheer. By Accessocraft, about \$1.

Fur-Trimmed Hat and Mitten Set of printed, water-repellent cotton, interlined with Aralac. By Wilshire, about \$3 per set.

If you can't find gift gadgets in your local store, send stamped, addressed envelope for further information. Be sure to state what gadgets you're drooling for.

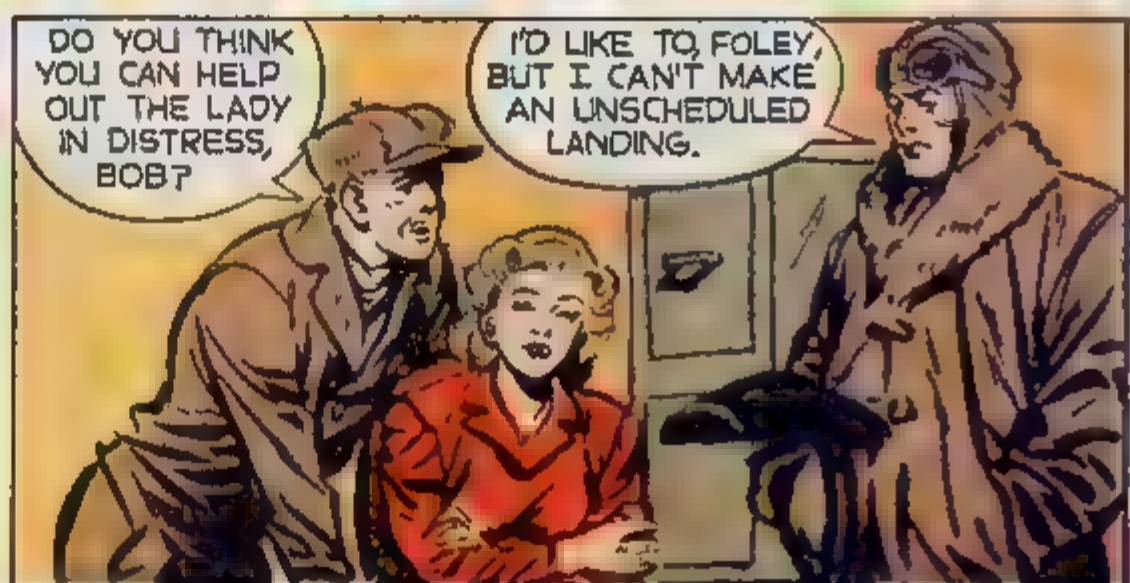
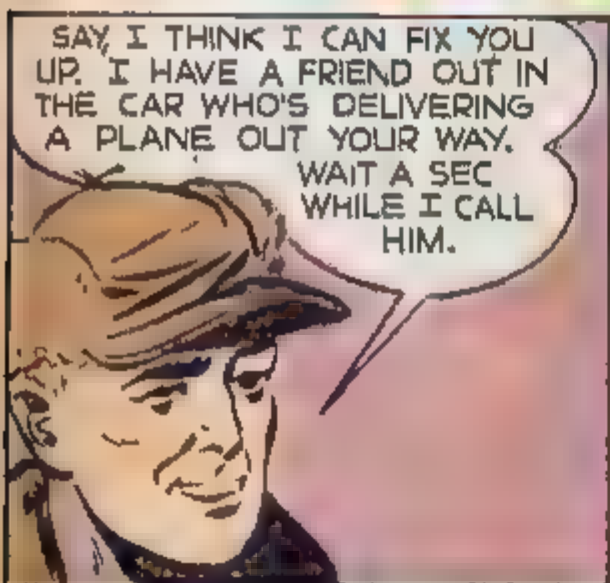
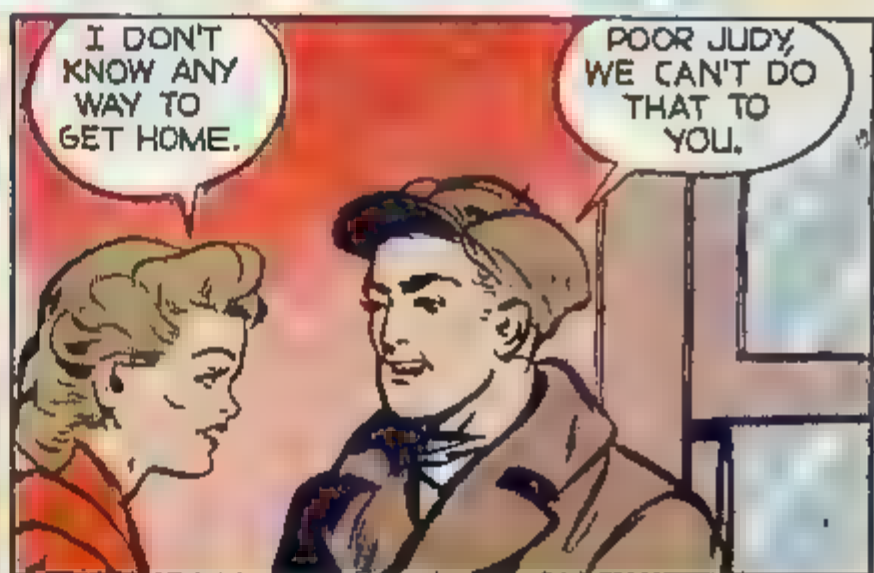
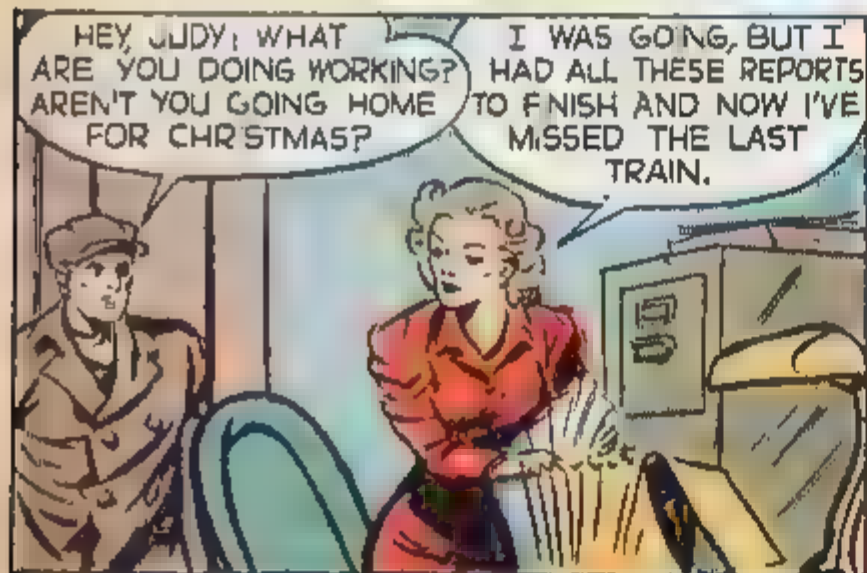


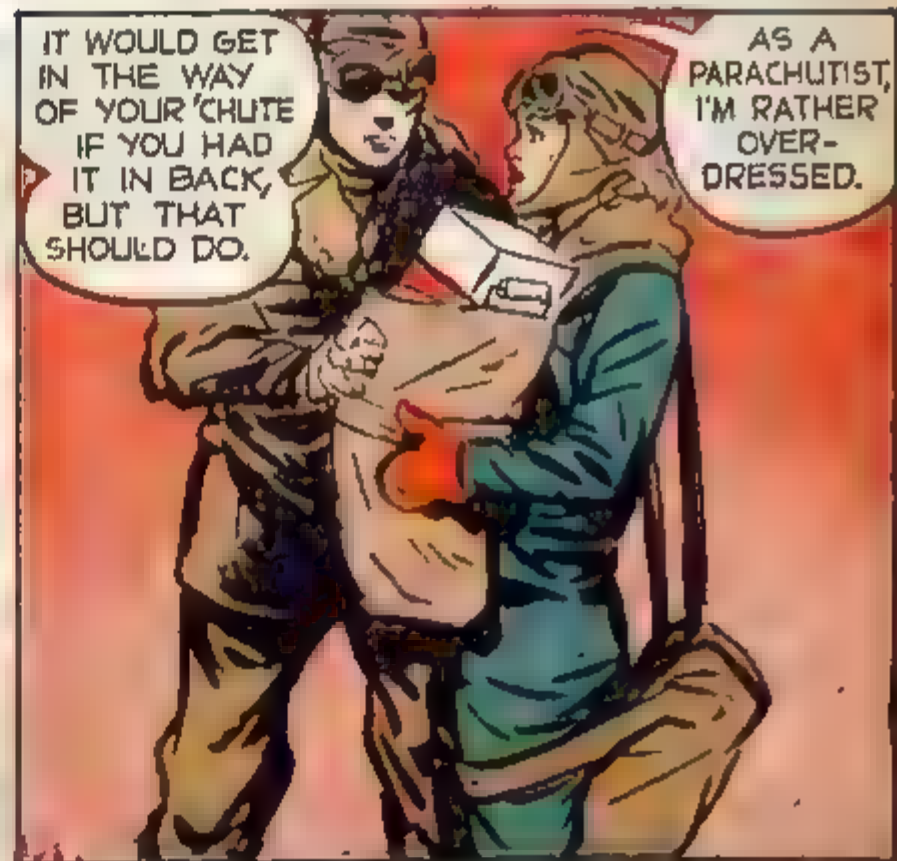
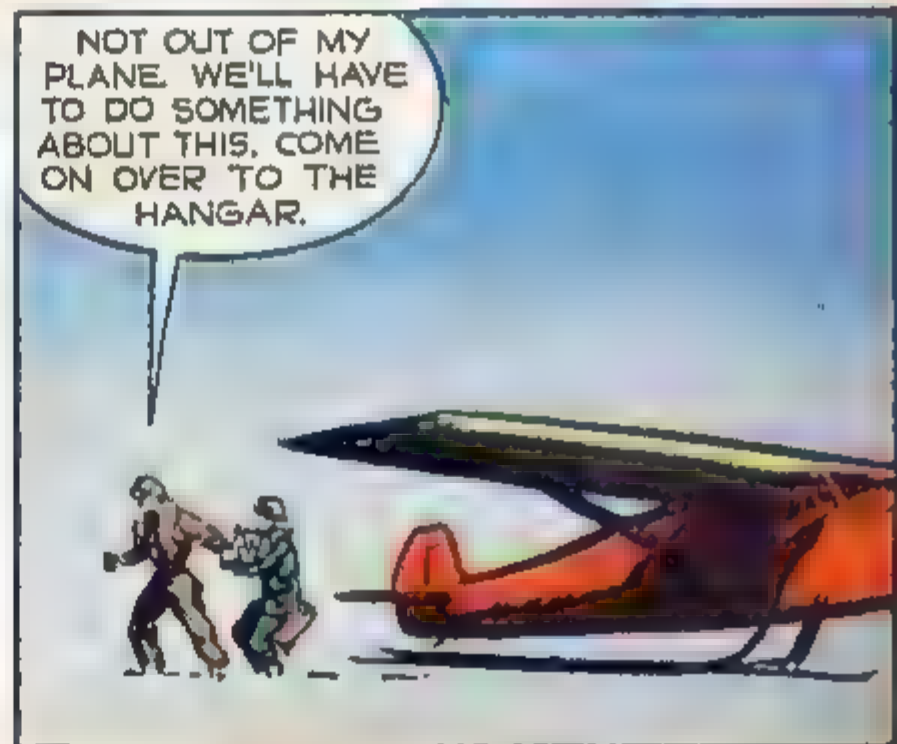
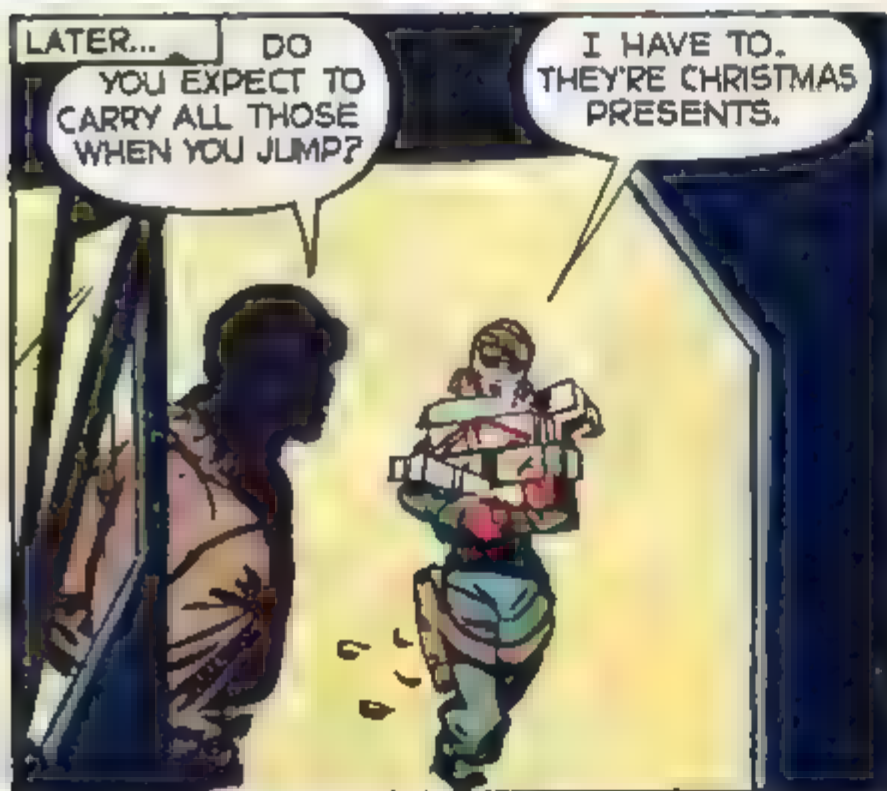
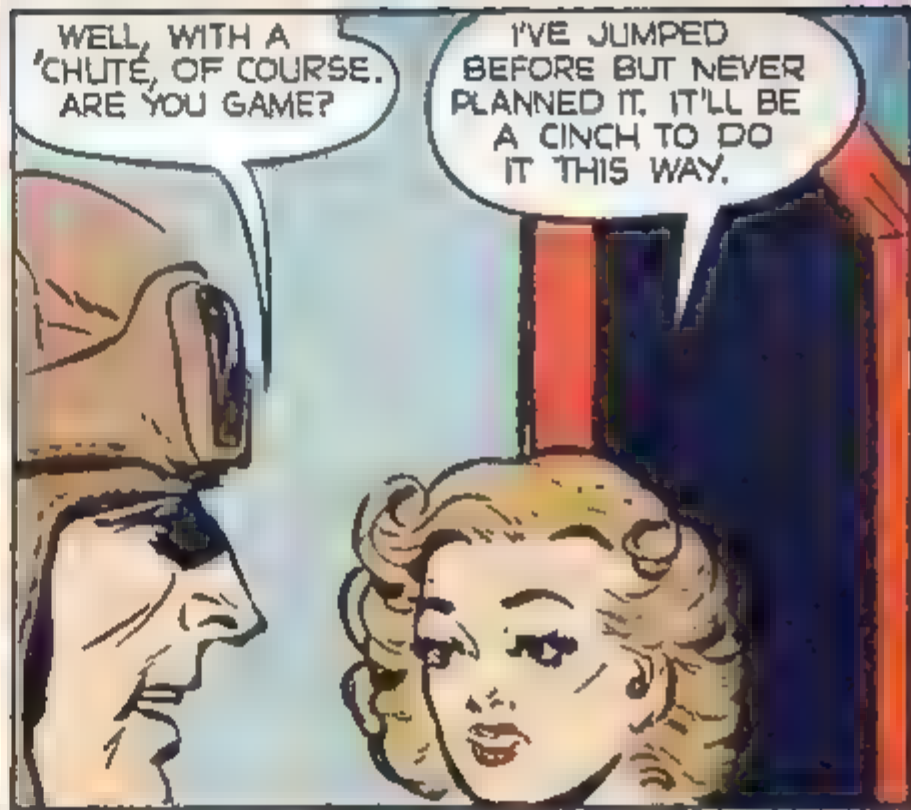
See opposite page for descriptions and prices.

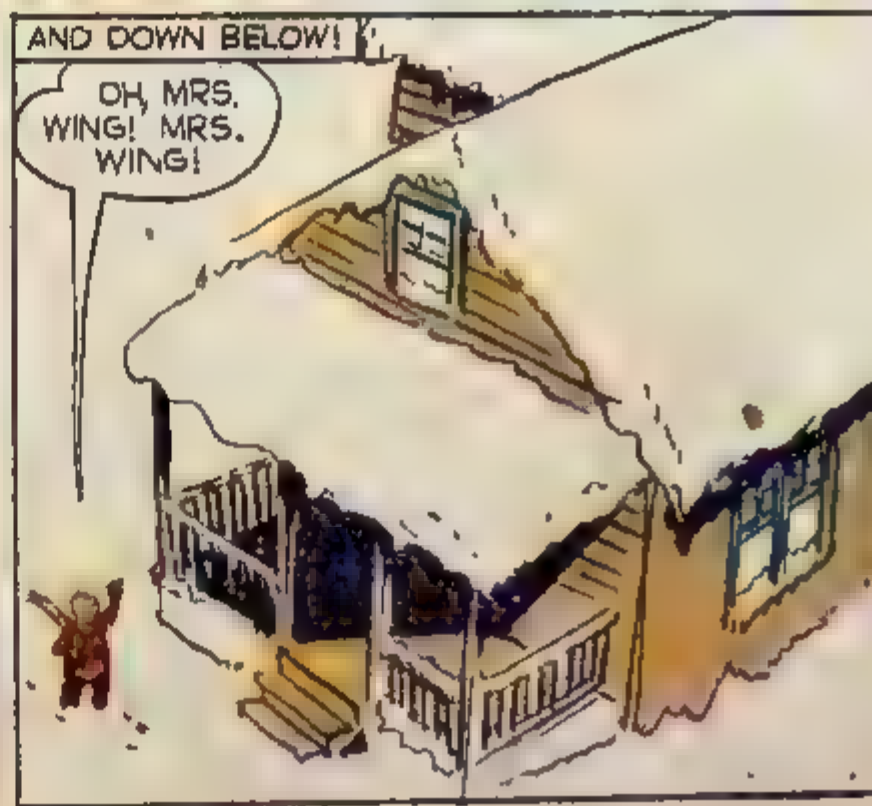
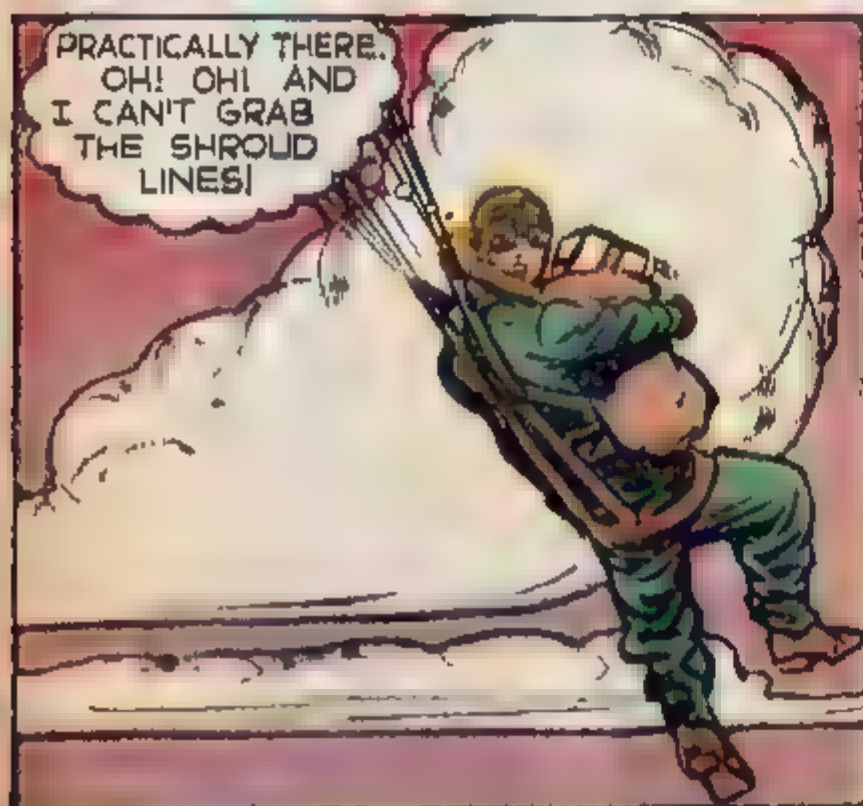
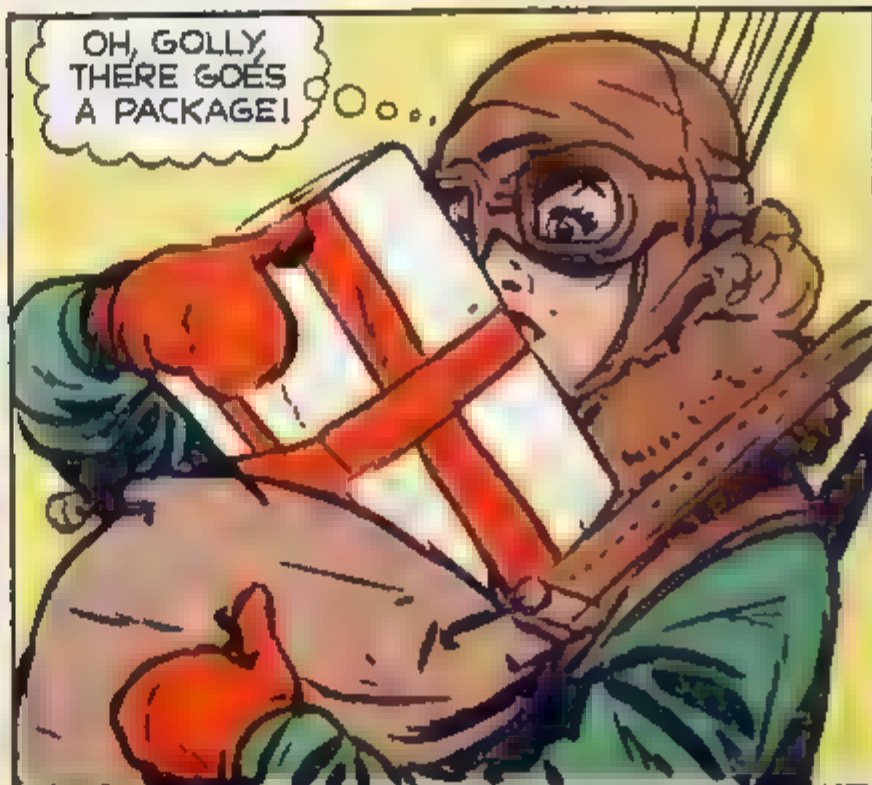
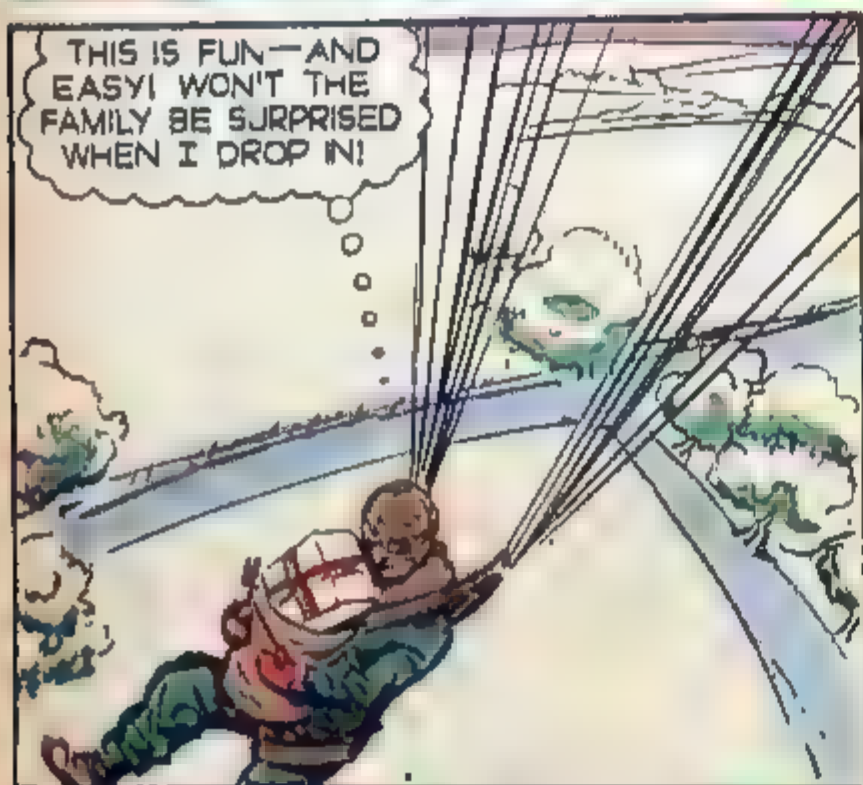
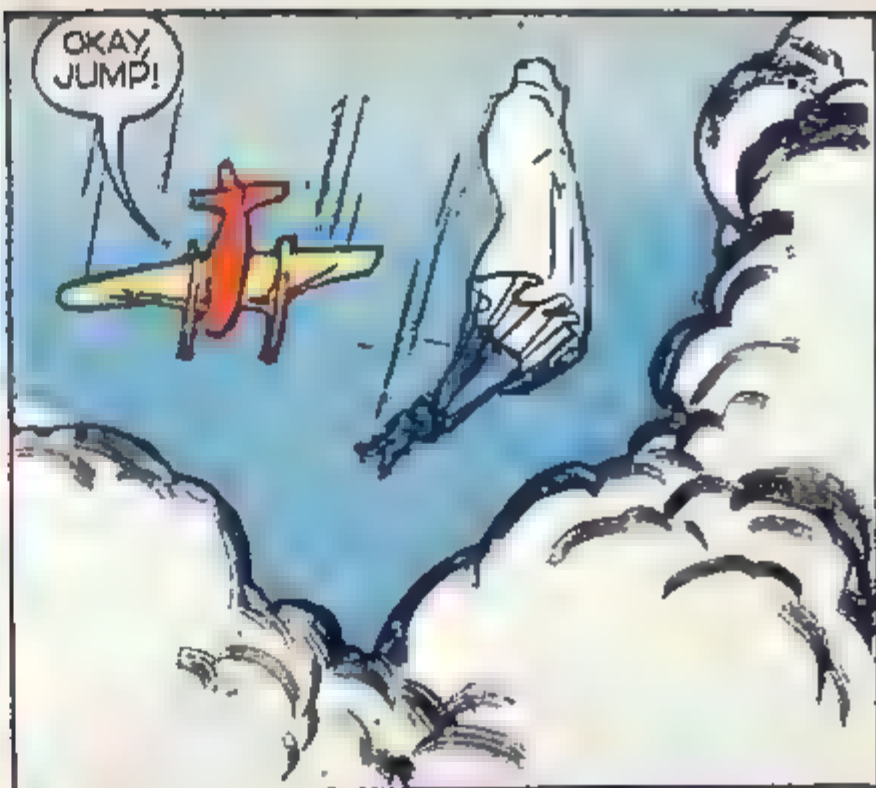
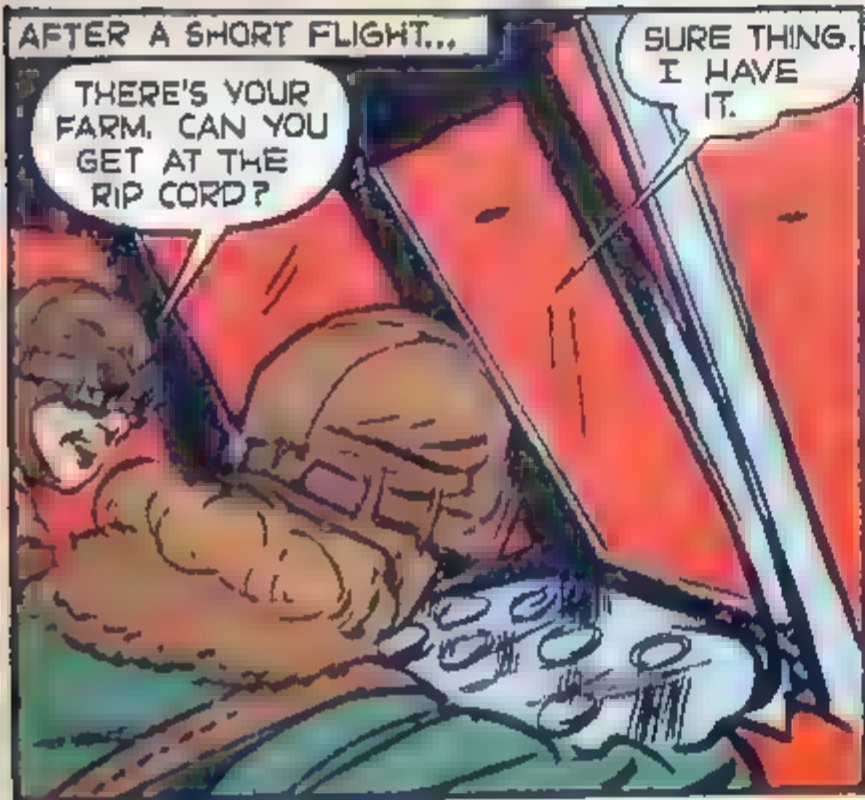
Wondering what to give your best friends for Christmas? Wondering what you'd like your best friends to give you? Your nearest Official Headquarters store (see list on another page) has lots of gadgets and accessories, so stop in and browse around while the pickin's are still good.

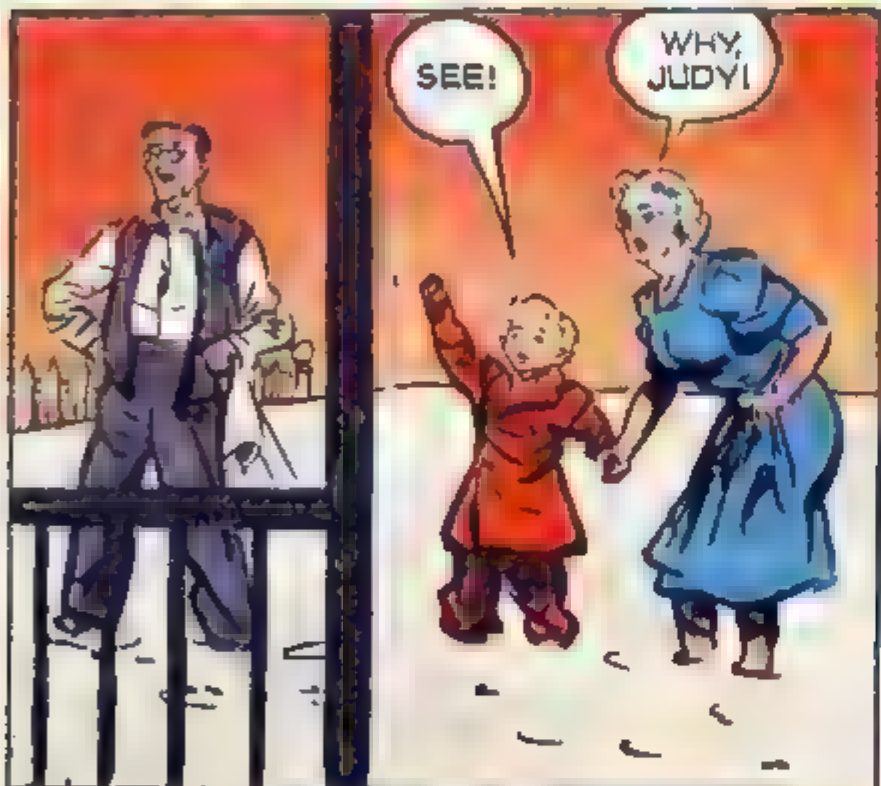
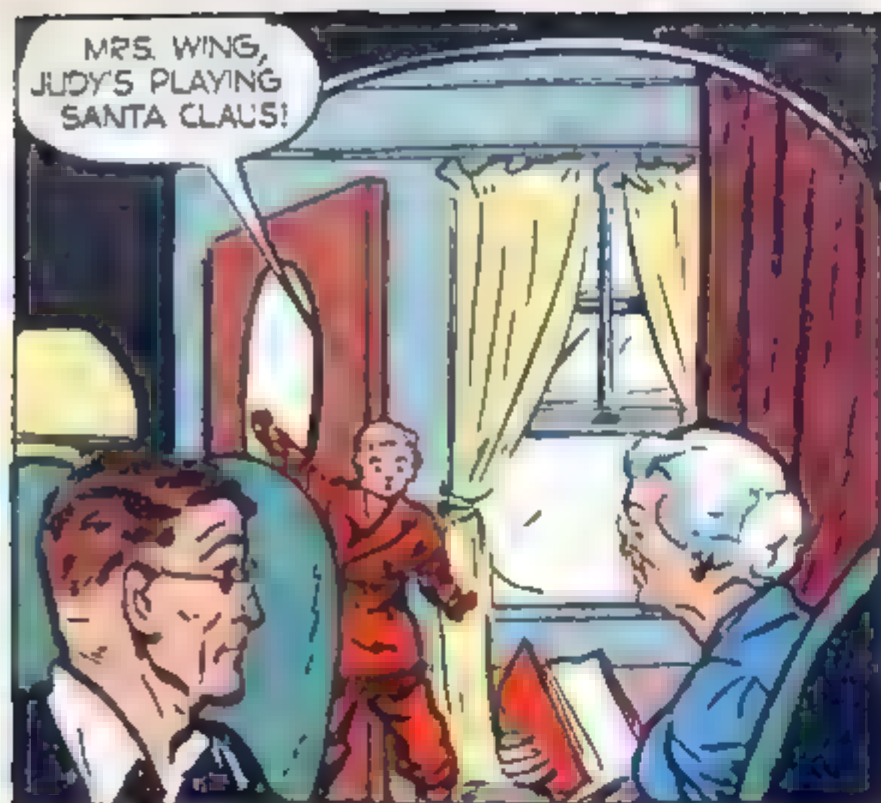
JUDY WING

SHE DROPS IN!

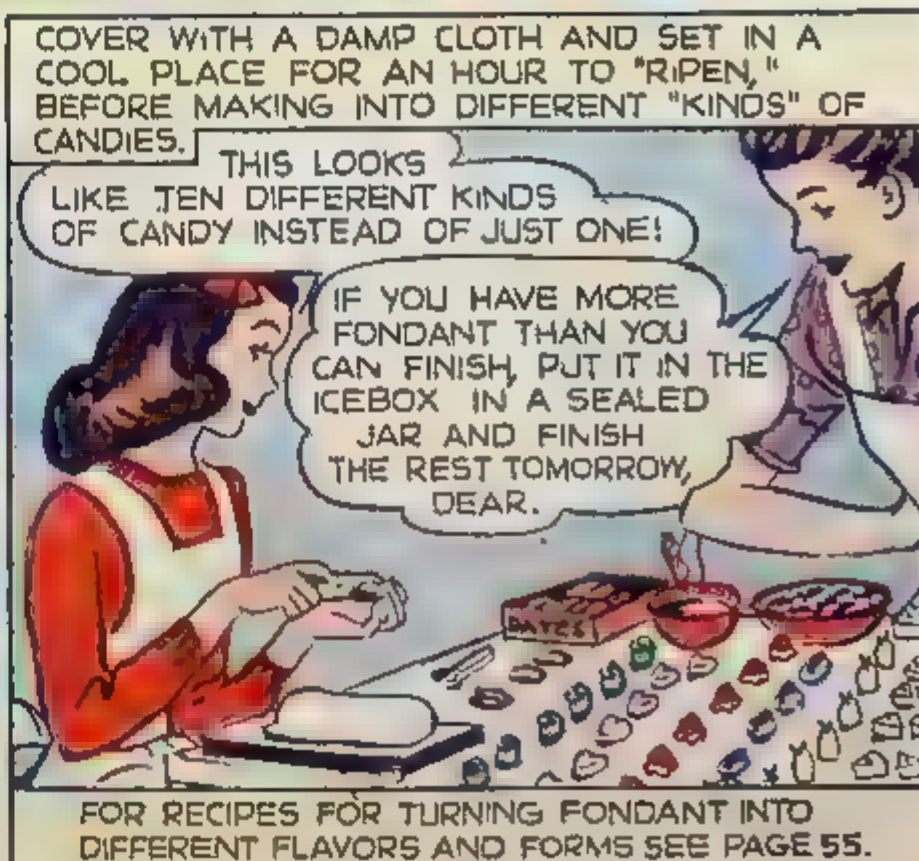








Junior Housekeeping

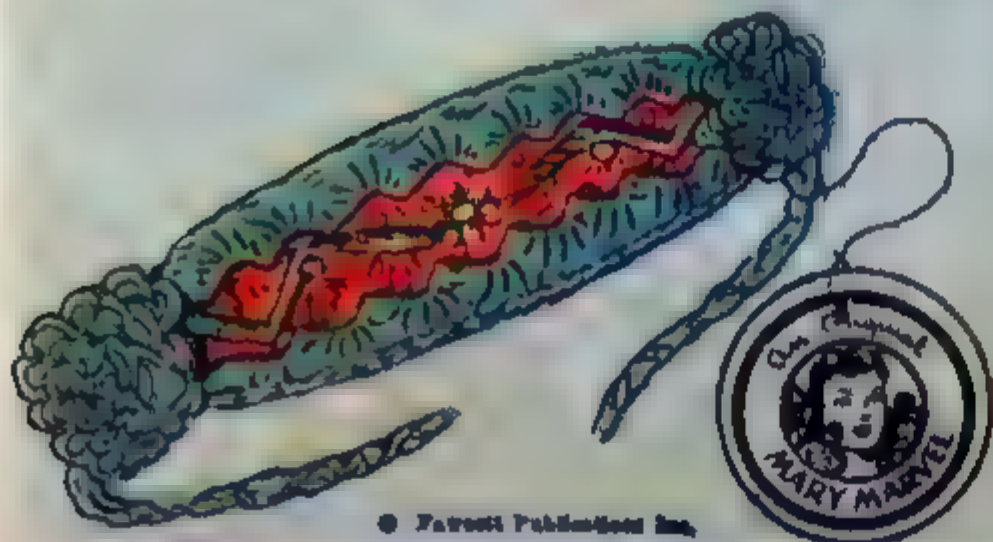




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PATRIOT, AT HOME AND ABROAD



WHETHER SHE IS IN POLAND
OR IN AMERICA, HELEN GREGORY
TRIES TO DO MORE THAN HER
SHARE IN FIGHTING THE NAZI
AGGRESSORS—A TRUE STORY

HELEN GREGORY WAS BORN IN
NEW JERSEY, BUT AT THE AGE
OF TWO MOVED TO POLAND
WITH HER FAMILY. IN 1936, IN
JASLISKI, POLAND, WHEN
HELEN WAS SEVENTEEN...

THE NEWS
GETS WORSE
AND WORSE.
WAR CAN'T
BE FAR OFF,
HELEN.

IT'S AWFUL
TO SIT AND
DO NOTHING.
I'M GOING TO
TRY TO JOIN
THE WOMEN'S
POLICE BRIGADE,
FATHER.

WE APPRECIATE
YOUR OFFER, BUT
SINCE YOU'RE AN
AMERICAN CITIZEN
YOU'RE NOT
ELIGIBLE FOR THE
BRIGADE.

LATER, WITH
A FRIEND...

EVERYWHERE
I GO I GET
THE SAME
ANSWER.
WILHELM, YOU
MUST HAVE
SOME IDEA
HOW I CAN
HELP!

WHY DON'T
YOU
ORGANIZE
A GROUP
OF THE
YOUNGER
GIRLS INTO AN
INDEPENDENT
OUTFIT.



THAT'S IT! REMEMBER HOW THE CHILDREN OF Lwow ORGANIZED A UNIT AND RECAPTURED THEIR CITY FROM THE ENEMY IN THE LAST WAR? IF CHILDREN COULD DO THAT FOR POLAND, WE GIRLS CAN DO OUR BIT NOW!

HELEN TOLD HER IDEA TO THE GIRLS OF HER TOWN AND THE FIRST UNIT OF THE WOMEN SHARPSHOOTERS WAS FORMED.

THE MAYOR HAS ARRANGED FOR AN ARMY OFFICER TO DRILL US.

HOW ABOUT EQUIPMENT, HELEN?

MAYBE A GROUP OF US COULD PERSUADE THE LOCAL OFFICIALS TO FURNISH IT.

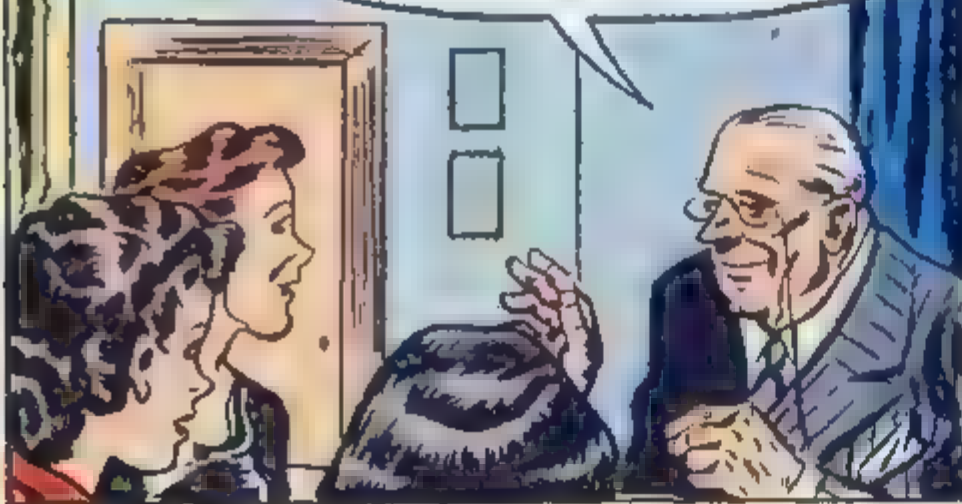


ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME YOUR GROUP HAS POSSIBILITIES. I'LL SEE YOU HAVE GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

BUT WHEN THE NAZI HORDES SWEEP INTO POLAND, HELEN WAS NOT WITH HER SHARPSHOOTERS. SHE HAD LEFT POLAND FOR A VISIT TO THE U.S. A.

BUT I MUST GET BACK!

WE CANNOT ISSUE PASSPORTS INTO THE WAR ZONE TO ANYONE.

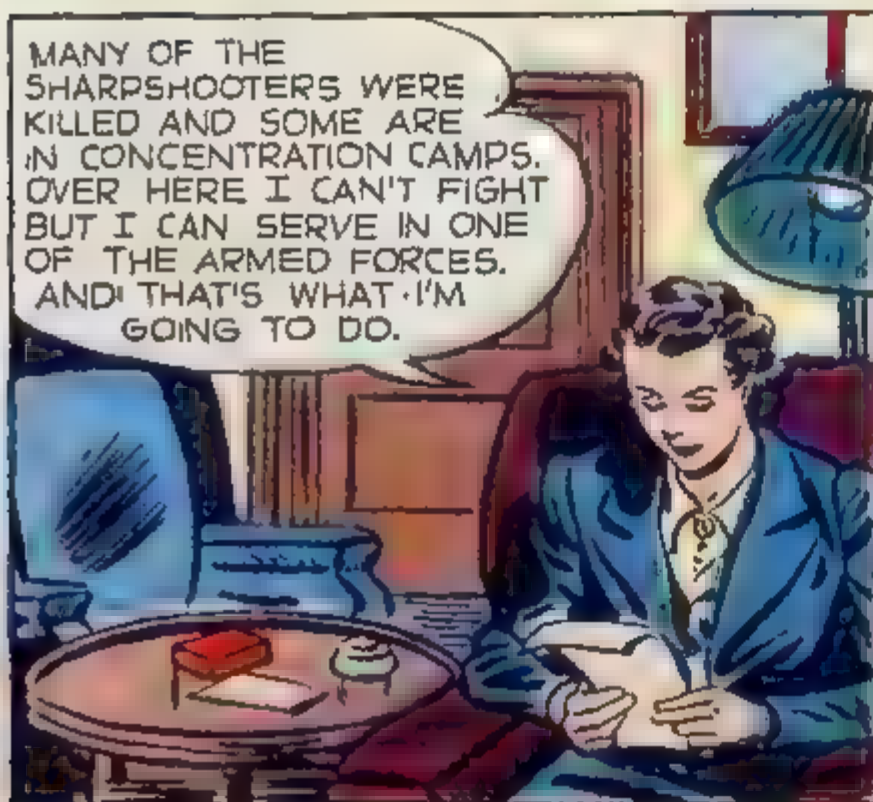


THROUGHOUT POLAND PEOPLE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS, AND UNITS WERE FORMED IN MANY CITIES.

MANY OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS WERE KILLED AND SOME ARE IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS. OVER HERE I CAN'T FIGHT BUT I CAN SERVE IN ONE OF THE ARMED FORCES. AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.

AND SO HELEN GREGORY JOINED THE SPARS.

I WANT TO DO ALL I CAN. THE WOMEN OVERSEAS ARE DOING ALL THEY CAN. IT'S THE LEAST THEY CAN EXPECT FROM US.



DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 14)

and knocked. Doug was going to think she was enough of an idiot to have lost the print; if she told him that on top of that she thought she had been chased . . .

"Really," Gilly told herself sharply, "things like this don't happen." And for the first time a simple, logical explanation of the disappearance of her books and the print occurred to her. Maybe they had been taken by an uncle—somebody's uncle, that is; a well-meaning creature who had been confused as to the store where he was to meet his niece, or who had seen Gilly in the phone booth and mistaken her for somebody else.

"Really," Gilly told herself again, weakly this time. Why, she could have been making up the whole melodramatic sequence of events. Doug would simply laugh at her if she told him.

"Gilly! What's the matter?" Doug had opened the door and he was staring at her as if she were a ghost. "What happened?"

She had just made up her mind to explain away everything in terms of her own carelessness and a spot of mistaken identity. But the sympathy in Doug's voice, and the worried look on his face, and the way he took her arm and pulled her inside were too much for her. The next thing Gilly knew she was huddled up on the couch crying as if she were about five years old, and gulping insane things through her sobs. Things like, "He stole it!" and "I think he was after me!"

Doug didn't laugh. He didn't say, "Oh, for gosh sakes, stop crying." He didn't do any of the things he might have been excused for doing. He just sat there beside her and waited for her to be able to speak more coherently; and once in a while he patted her shoulder with a comfortingly big hand, and said, "It'll be okay, Gilly. Don't worry. We'll fix it all."

Finally Gilly sat up and wiped her eyes on his handkerchief.

"Can you tell me about it now?" Doug asked.

"I—" Gilly gulped once more and took a deep breath. "I think so. I'll tell it just the way it happened, and you can see what you think of it."

When she had finished, Doug sat silent for a few minutes. "I don't know," he said then. "It could be nothing—or it could be . . ."

"I know." Gilly was herself again now. "But I suppose there isn't any way we can find out, so let's not waste any

the print being stolen and all."

"I guess it wasn't. Whoever took your books must have been afraid there was another copy of the picture up here."

"Well, there wasn't." Gilly tried to find some satisfaction in the thought that somebody had wasted a lot of energy searching the place. "But how could anyone have come in here?" she asked in the next moment.

Doug pointed wordlessly to the window, and Gilly crossed to it and looked out. A fire escape ran past, leading safely to the ground. Doug came and stood beside her, and they nodded. They'd left the window open in order to dry their negatives more quickly.

"Doug! Do you suppose he does know something about photography?" Gilly asked suddenly.

He looked at her curiously, but she was already at the enlarger. Doug knew then what she meant. The negative of the lost picture should still be inside. Gilly hadn't had a chance to remove it after Mr Cartwright shouted up the stairs.

Carefully she turned the handle that made it possible to reach in, and her fingers explored the opened space. It was a long moment before she admitted the truth. There was nothing there!

"Maybe it was his hobby," Gilly murmured, and felt the tears pushing against her eyelids again. That fine theory of hers on general ignorance about picture-making had just proved her own stupidity, not the thief's.

"Yeah. Maybe."

They stared at each other, and Gilly felt futile and more than a little scared. There wasn't any doubt now. They were up against somebody determined to frame Doug's father—to pin the guilt for a crime on an innocent man.

(To be continued)

A SILVER WORLD TONIGHT

By NANCY VAN WICKLEN PROSEUS

Written When Nine Years Old

We're living in a lovely world—
The skies are deepest blue,
The trees are dressed in silver;
The moon is silver, too.

The streets are paved with crystal,
The fence posts draped in white.
We're living in a lovely world,
A silver world tonight.

more time. Let's make another print right away."

"All right."

They tiptoed past the door behind which Mr McCord was sleeping, and Doug switched on the light in the darkroom.

"Hey!" he said sharply. "Somebody's been in here!"

Gilly looked over his shoulder and saw scattered helter-skelter over the floor the ferrotype boards on which they had flattened all their prints, and which they had laid on a shelf to dry. It seemed clear that somebody had snatched them down one by one to look at, and had then been in too much of a hurry to do more than toss them aside.

"I guess it wasn't nothing after all," Gilly said idiotically. "I mean—I guess it wasn't just my imagination about—about

Make GIFTS with GLITTER



Here are eight of the most glamorous gift ideas that ever sparkled under a tree—all yours to make and give. Collect all the sequins, beads, buttons, and material in your scrap bag, and go to work.

1—Date suspenders in velvet, sprinkled with sequins and tinsel.

2—Dream stuff—ear muffs of velvet with dazzle decoration. Or make them of felt.

3—Sequin-sprinkled felt hearts for the gal who wears earrings. Cheerful earfuls!

4—Bead-trimmed velvet bows to dress up her date shoes.

5—A be-sequined drawstring bag for gay holiday evenings. Use a mirror for a base.

6—Scintillating velvet mitts, so easy to make—fun to wear!

7—Glamour-puss for her lapel. Very exotic.

8—Quilted mules with twinkle trim.

Hi, Nibble-Thimble! Send a stamped, addressed envelope for Glitter Gifts instruction sheets to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

BE ON THE BEAM
GIVE EVERYONE
Dee-Gee SHIRTS
FOR CHRISTMAS!



You'll really send your friends and relatives with your gift of 'DEE GEE' Shirts. Slick chicks and super sams are never too young or too old to wear these two-toned and striped jobs. They'll love 'em and live in 'em and you'll be on like Gang Busters!

On sale at better stores everywhere, or write:

JASE

24 West 38th Street - New York 1, N.Y.

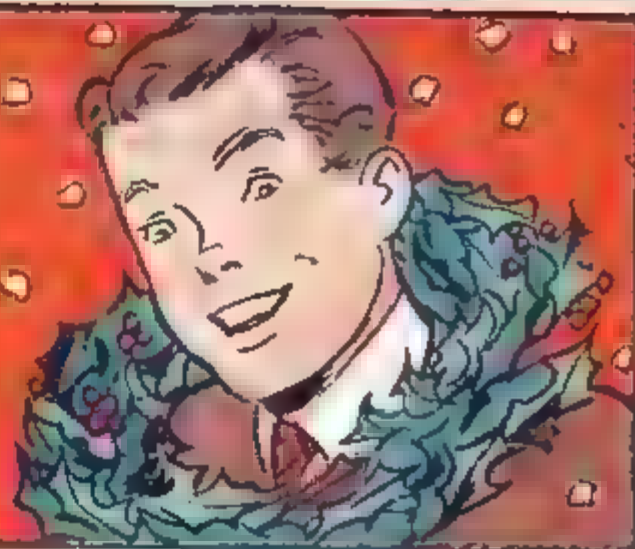
P.S. Treat yourself to a couple of 'DEE GEE' Shirts while you're at it! There's a size for every member of the family.

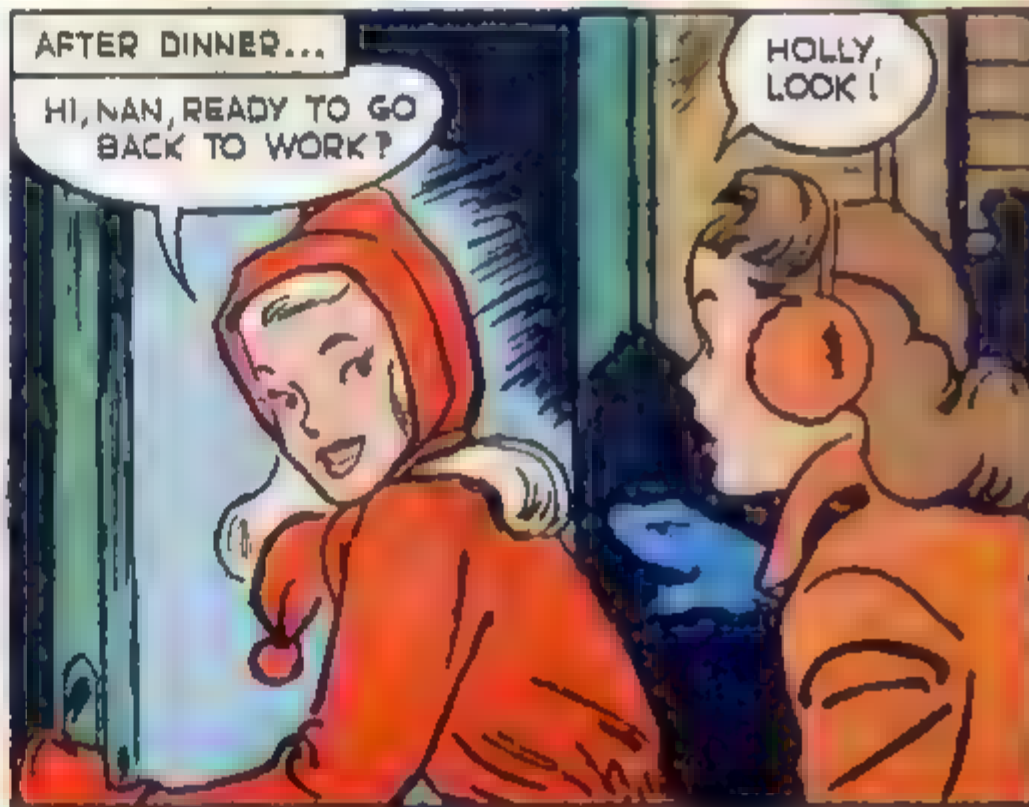
*Live for super, wonderful, out-of-this-world

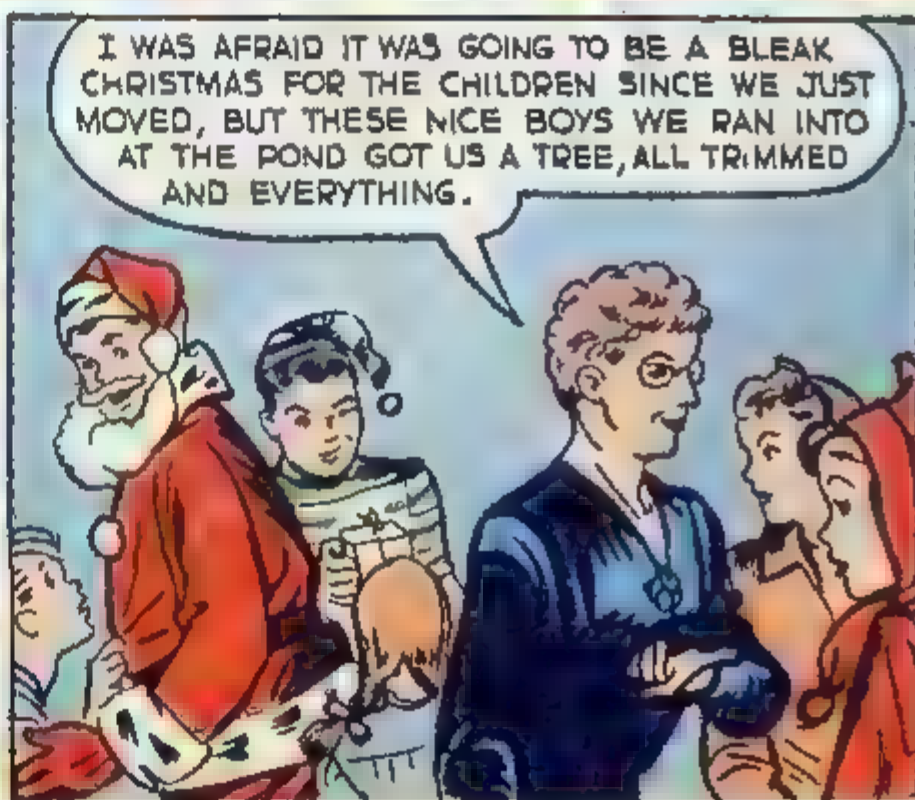
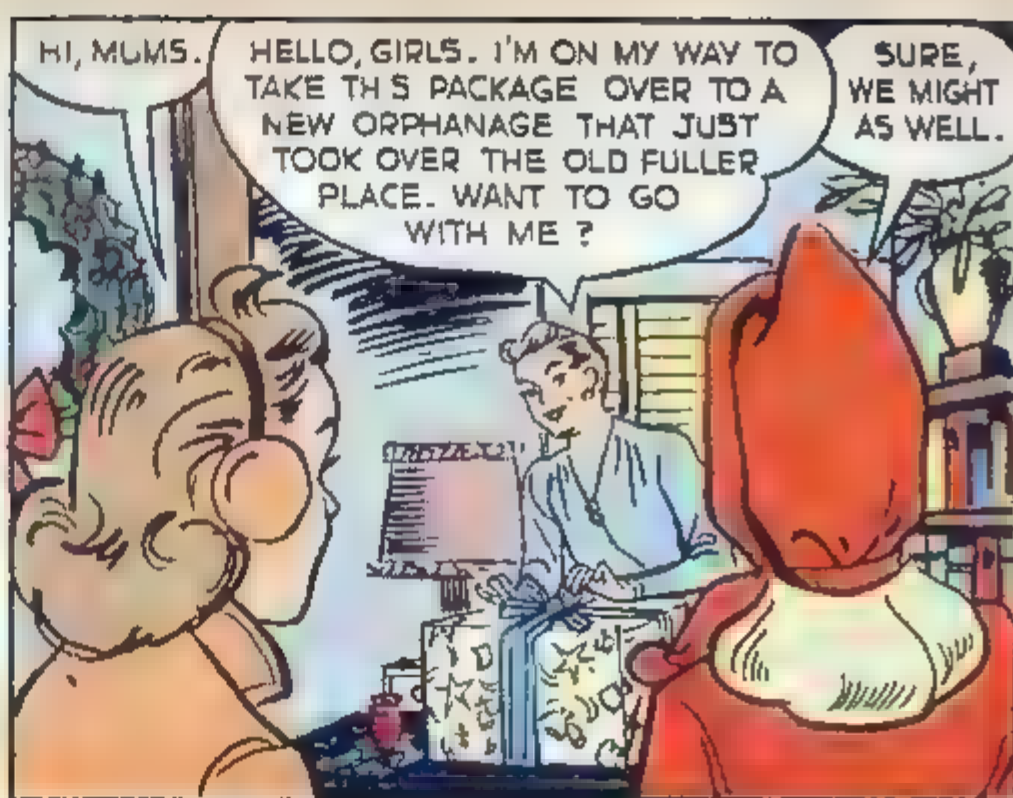
When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

The VICTORY CLUB

Merry Christmas







Wesco

HAS A "HEART-TO-HEART" TALK

CONOVER MODEL

Ellen Ross

This shawlet and snood are strictly new . . . and in the groove. They're decorated with hearts that will put your beaux on the double. Fun to make and fun to wear . . . And it's all so easy when you use *Wesco's* new **SERG-A-HED**, or **CHEK-A-FILE** the popular fabrics for skirts, blouses and dresses, as well as all your favorite accessories. So . . . hop to it chick. You've a treat in store.



Send for the FREE instruction sheet* that shows you how to make this set and the ways it can be trimmed. PLEASE remember to enclose a 3c stamped self-addressed envelope when you write to WESCO FABRIC SERVICE, 469 Seventh Avenue, New York City . . . and please print! Sorry, this offer good in U. S. A. only.

Wesco FABRIC SERVICE

SPONSORED BY

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469 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

*Prepared by
SPOOL COTTON CO

When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*



Koret TRIKSKIRT

TRADE MARK
PATENTS 2,244,462 & 2,155,519

For a High
DATE-RATE

A real hip-

trimmer guar-

anteed to hold

up under your

heaviest schedule

with a "click-thick-

ness" that counts.

Fold it, roll it up—

repleats itself between

engagements! In colors

you'll love! Models from

\$5 to \$9.

HOUSE, BY KORET KNITS

FEATURED BY LEADING STORES

Koret of California, Inc.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. HARRIS. STYLING BY J. M. HARRIS. MAKEUP BY J. M. HARRIS. HAIR BY J. M. HARRIS.

MAKE A WISH UPON A STAR

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor



Above—"I wish I could look like a CALLING ALL GIRLS cover girl," said Jerry Mann—and so can you in the white Teddy bear and red wool outfit that Joan Carroll wears so gaily on the front cover. About \$25 complete. Crocheted hat and gloves by André.

Right—"I wish I could be on the 'Take It or Leave It' program," said Florence Awe, and here she is with quiz expert Phil Baker. Don't you wish for her sequin-trimmed, off-shoulder net formal? About \$20, by Pre-Vue. The date-bait jewelry here is by Coro.

YES, make a wish upon a star! In other words, check the stars next to the fashions you'd like for Christmas; leave these pages open where Mother and Dad can see them—and your wishes should come true.



Of course, your parents may not be able to make all your other wishes come true—as we did for our lucky models—but you can dream, can't you?

Wish-Come-True fashions (or similar fashions) at teen departments of Official Headquarters stores on page 56, or write to Nancy Pepper for where-to-buy information in your own town.



FOR Christmas



Above—"We wish we could meet Shirley Temple," said Junellen Hawthorne and Jackie Fernandez. And they did! You'll wish for Junellen's aqua and coral wool date dress by Devonshire, about \$11, and Jackie's ruffled crepe with velvet bows, by Susan Allyn, about \$15. Lush stuff for dates.



"I wish I were a radio star," said Janet Regan. Above, she is with Nancy Pepper on the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, and left, with baritone Dick Brown. You might wish for her pastel jerkin suits. Above by Derby, left, by Mademoiselle about \$10 each. Sally Mason blouses.



Ancuna Fleece Chubby Coats

\$32.50

You can look *slimmer* than you are in this coat of soft Ancuna fleece that is so warm, with its roomy slash pockets and sleek velvet collar. In camel, wine, green, brown; sizes 10½ to 16½.

For younger girls, too, in sizes 8½ to 14½, \$25.

Both lined with Earl-Glo rayon and warmly interlined. Both available in single or double-breasted styles.

Second Floor

The Hecht Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

When writing to advertisers please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

Hankie Trick

by BURMEL

the "Snod"



This tricky snod will make your hair look delightful. And it's great fun to make . . . just tie two handkerchiefs together on the bias at their extreme ends . . . and look . . . a lovely snod you'll adore.

Write for your new free booklet of Burmel Hankie Trick . . . witty wizardry that turns handkerchiefs into your pet accessory. Burmel Handkerchiefs are on sale at leading stores everywhere. Sorry, no direct orders filled.

Burmel

385 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

TRICKS for TEENS

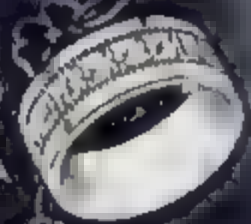
Dreamed Up for a Bright Christmas—Now that snow is in the air, why not get in step with the season by making some cute tricks to give your friends? If you have a few tiles from a broken mah-jongg set, your problem is solved. Take the ivory from the tops of some of the pretty pieces and drill two holes in each one. Then string them on colored ribbon for belts or bracelets that are different and pretty.—*Shirley Ann Leusch, Chicago, Ill.* Or make shower sachets for your friends by tying some bath salts in gay bags of porous cloth—cheesecloth is fine. (If you want to dye the cloth a gay color, be sure you use a dye that won't run when the sachet is wet.) Tie it with a ribbon long enough to fasten the bag under the shower head. It perfumes the shower water and leaves the user with a delicious scent.—*Nancy Koreke, Brisbane, Calif.* Cover three sides of a small wooden matchbox with some pretty cloth or leather to look like a book cover. Draw lines on the remaining three sides to look like pages. Complete this with a little strap tied around it and a pin to fasten it to the lucky owner's lapel.—*Elaine Jones, Belle River, Ont.* Make tiny sewing kits to be carried in purses. Wind useful colors of thread around a matchstick. Then put the thread-wound stick with pins and needles into a round wooden junket box. Decorate the outside of the box as you please.—*Alice Ulrich, Mount Vernon, N.Y.* Make pine sachets by crushing fresh pine cones and putting the fragrant bits into an attractive bag or box.—*Marlene Orlovski, Chicopee, Mass.* Make gay eyeglass cases out of felt cut in the shape of a fish, an envelope, or anything else you wish, stitched around the edge with bright embroidery thread.—*Patsy*

Miss Coro Teen says

DEE, GEE! CROSS MY FINGERS AND CALL ME LUCKY! WONDERFUL STERLING SILVER RINGS . . . EACH A "MUST HAVE!"



- A—FRIENDSHIP RING Beautifully engraved with lovely forget-me-not design, dainty border. \$1.95*
- B—RING-OF-FORTUNE A triple charge—3 rings entwined in one, each for Life, Love and Luck. (High point value, super-solid.) \$2.95*
- C—LOVERS LINK Dream stuff Smooth and lovely link ring Endless chain of romance. \$3.95*



At your favorite store in the United States only.

COROTEENS Coro 47 West 34th St. New York 1, N.Y.

Murphy, Brooksville, Fla. String multicolored thimbles on colorful yarn. Then make little pendants of single beads fastened to bright-colored threads and fasten these inside the thimble so that just the beaded ends show. If you use one large bead, your necklace will look like bells; if you use several small ones, you'll have a flower necklace.—**Olga O Presnick, Wilkie, Sask.** Make quilted purses by sewing two circles of gay material together with a padding of outing flannel between, quilting with bright-colored thread, folding the quilted circle in half, and putting a zipper along the curved side. It's really catchy, and sturdy, too.—**Mary Ann Larsen, Washington, D. C.**

Gay Tricks for Gay Times—Wrap the presents for little sister or brother in plain paper, and add a border or an all-over pattern of cut-out figures or designs.—**Betty Mangano, Gilroy, Calif.** Gumdrops, Lifesavers, small candles, and small pieces of cardboard; what have you? Party place cards! Place the candle in the top of the gumdrop, stick the Lifesaver into one side for a handle, and press the cardboard with the guest's name written on it into the other side. Light all the candles just before the guests enter the dining room.—**Sandra Staples, Toronto, Ont.** Another candle trick is to melt down any size candles in dessert molds, put in wicks, and allow to harden. There you have candles in unusual shapes, and they will float in a bowl of water for a lovely centerpiece at your party.—**Beverly Barnes, Ottumwa, Iowa.** Put tiny Christmas-tree balls in your hair for that party, and you'll look as gay as you feel!—**Shirlee Foss, Old Saybrook, Conn.** At the next party that the gang gives, shine with several friendship bracelets snapped together to make a belt.—**Ann Palestro, Hubbard, Ohio.** Polish up those flat brass keys until they gleam, and use them for buttons on a cardigan or a suit.—**Kathryn M. Wilson, North Tonawanda, N. Y.**

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.



Reet you are! To set off a pair of gorgeous gams, there's nothing like a pair of snazzy Red Goose Shoes. They have what it takes for solid looks and solid comfort. Definitely... they're "half the fun of having feet."

RED GOOSE DIVISION
International Shoe Company
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THIS IS
RED GOOSE
Style Number 3960



THIS IS
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Red Goose SHOES

"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

pretty soft for the ground crew—
"Wackies"

GENUINE HAND-SEWN MOCCASINS

498

THEY'RE the grandest little ground skimmers of 'em all. Says who? Says Newport's smart naval officers' wives and society crowd. Hand-crafted, of course, and soft as butter—ideal to wear with slacks, sport clothes or what have you. Rich antique brown

Send regular shoe size to insure correct fit.
Please send ration coupon

Mail Orders Carefully Filled
WHITE FOX NEW FALL, HOOKLET
KAYS NEWPORT DEPT A NEWPORT R. I.



DIAL TWISTERS

here's *Your*
radio program!



YOU LOVE to listen? So now you can hear the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air every week! Good news, because you'll go for the dramatic stories, wonderful guest stars like Benny Goodman and Phil Baker, your own fashion editor, Nancy Pepper, in person, Jenny Jabberwocky (goofy, but cute), and gobs of thrilling features brought to life from the pages of CALLING ALL GIRLS magazine. Linda Allen, National Club Director, and popular announcer Tom Shirley share the m.c. honors. Every radio session is right on the beam and in the groove!

The country's finest department stores are sponsoring this program to bring you entertainment and information about the good buys in their teen departments. Many of them have CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs of their own for you to join, and hold teen fashion shows and contests that are grand fun. They're all announced on the program, so tune in every week.

If the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air is not broadcast in your locality, write us about it and give the name of your favorite store. Address Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

See page 56 for the list of stores that sponsor the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air. Check with their teen departments for information about time and station

AN ORIGINAL
"Sally Mason"
CREATION

"Beau-Timer"
"Set a bow to catch a beau"
that's a slogan smart girls know. So choose this SALLY MASON blouse with its bow as bonny. It's beautiful—it's "fash"—it's a honey! Fine white broadcloth with contrasting beaded trim. Sizes 10 to 16—9 to 15. Around \$3.50.

At all Leading Stores Everywhere... or write

MASON BLOUSE AND SPORTSWEAR
498 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Your Choice for Quality... Today and Tomorrow... Sally Mason Blouses



YOU'LL BE A POTENT PIGEON WITH

"Café Trax"

And here's the way to do it! A dog collar that takes you out of Coventry and puts you right in the groove! It sparkles like an icky's eyes and gives out with vari-colored cabochon signals that make 'em stop, go, or just mark time! Add a pig grain leather handbag with studded bracelet handle top it off with two matching barrettes to light up your hair... and you're in, but solid!

COLORS Red, Kelly, Turfion, Brown, Navy, Black, Army Rustel.	{	DOG COLLAR	About \$1*
		BARRETTES	About 50¢*
		BRACELET BAG	About \$4*
		(Smaller size, about \$3*)	
		* Plus 20% Tax	

At better stores, or write

BELT MODES

1 EAST 33RD ST., NEW YORK 16



Dartigan... that's for me!
the superkeen Junior suit!

Suit yourself — but perfectly in this Dartigan suit for superkeen juniors! It's 100% all wool and Shetland, too... Meaning you've got a bunny-warm classic that's not only smooth date-bait; but staunch enough for the school routine. Embroidered arrow darts shine on the soft pastels: melon, maize, powder blue, seafoam, and cocoa.

Sizes 9 to 15. About \$19.

At better stores everywhere, or write

JUNIORITE, INC. 1259 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 21)



JANE ENGEL DATE BAIT

Exclusively Jane Engel, this plaid rayon taffeta blouse is the perfect matchmate for almost any skirt, and very dressy! See the flattering dolman shoulder! That's brand new, Multi-color plaid. Sizes 9 to 15. **6.95**

Hard-to-find dressy rayon bengaline in a pert, saucy beauty black. We like the crisp ruffles and the snug drawstring waistline. It's a dramatic eye-catching must for you. Sizes 9-15. **7.95**

JANE ENGEL Madison at 79th
New York 21, N.Y.

Please send me, CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐

BLACK RUFFLE SKIRT _____ Size _____

PLAID DRESSY BLOUSE _____ Size _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Please Print Clearly

I have a very bad habit of wanting to get in on everything that anyone says or does. If the grownups want to talk in private, as they have a perfect right to do, I always want to be in on it. This is a very irritating and disagreeable habit. If you will recommend some way for me to overcome this habit I will be very grateful.—Patricia P., aged 13, California.

SOME OF our most encouraging mail comes from girls like Patricia who say they have a problem and want to do something about it. These girls are not sitting around waiting for or asking anyone else to wave a magic wand and cure their troubles!

We wonder whether Patricia has some young friends of her own with whom she can share confidences? If she has, she should not need to concern herself so much with grownups' affairs. She is right in realizing that folks have a right to their privacy—and that is true both for adults and for younger people. We wonder whether Patricia has any special interests, such as collecting things, painting, drawing, bicycling, skating, listening to records or radio programs, dancing, reading, knitting, playing a musical instrument? Does she belong to any groups or clubs for teenagers where she could learn new things, develop new interests, and make more friends? Has she ever sought the advice of some of the grownups as to places to go, things to do, services to give? Girls and boys her age can be useful members of their homes, their schools, and their neighborhoods. Busily happy people are more likely to avoid the practices of which Patricia writes.

It should reassure her to know that most of us want "to be in on" things. We like to feel we belong—at first to the little circles in which we move and gradually to the big, out-

side world as well. Of course, there will be times when the family group is together—at meals, or on other occasions—when Patricia will want to join in the talk of the adults. Then if she shows an active, intelligent interest in the family affairs, not just curiosity, if she shares naturally in the conversation, undoubtedly the grownups will appreciate her opinions and ideas and will include her in some of the discussions. Patricia can share older people's experiences and feel no hesitancy in joining in when they are talking about or doing things which also interest her; but many more times she should be with other girls and boys.

Sometimes girls have questions on their minds—things they are uncertain or confused about—and they think they can get answers to their questions by listening in on grown-up talk; but a much better way is to ask parents or other trusted adults to make things clear or to help one to find sources of correct, useful information.

We do not know whether Patricia is an only child or if there are a large number of adults in her home. In families where there are many children it is a good deal easier to spend more of one's time with other children. But there are many other ways of finding companionship—especially in a large city where there are many good schools and public and private organizations which are interested in helping girls and boys to find suitable activities of all kinds.

LOOK for the new book, "Do You Know Your Daughter?" to be published soon by D. Appleton-Century Company. Written by your own Alice Barr Grayson to help mothers understand their daughters better, it discusses in detail many of the questions that have been asked by girls who have written to the editor of "Let's Talk Things Over."

(Continued from page 38)

This recipe will make at least 1¼ pounds of candy—and how much more is hard to say. It depends on how much and what you add to the fondant. And what to add? Well, pitted dates, dried figs, nuts, crystallized ginger, dried prunes and apricots, candied orange peel and grapefruit peel, raisins, currants, and those colored dots used for cake decorations. But that's not all.

You can make your different batches in different flavors. Back in the beginning, you can use a teaspoon of maple flavoring, or almond, lemon, coffee, or orange extract instead of vanilla. Or a couple of drops of oil of peppermint or wintergreen. But that's not all, either.

You can add vegetable coloring to the batches according to flavor. Coffee and maple need no color, but add a drop of green for almond, yellow for lemon, orange for orange, pink for wintergreen. Is that all?

No, now you're just ready to start. Take a hunk of fondant, break it open, put a nut meat, a raisin, or bit of fruit inside, close it up again, and roll it into any shape you want. That all?

Hardly! Decorate the candies—in any way that seems like a good idea. Top some with halves of nut meats, some with bits of cherry or candied orange peel. Sprinkle them with the cake decorations. Cut a prune in half, take out the pit, put a piece of fondant in each side, and make little sausages of them, rolled in powdered sugar. Flatten out an apricot, spread it with fondant, roll it, and slice like a jelly roll. There's no end to what you can do. It's more fun than mud pies, and you suddenly find yourself with twenty kinds of candy, all from one recipe.

Believe it or not, that's still not all. For cooked fondant, a caramel fondant, the recipe for Cannon Balls, not to mention the secrets of professional dipped chocolates, send a postcard for Dandy Candy to Junior Housekeeping Department 15, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

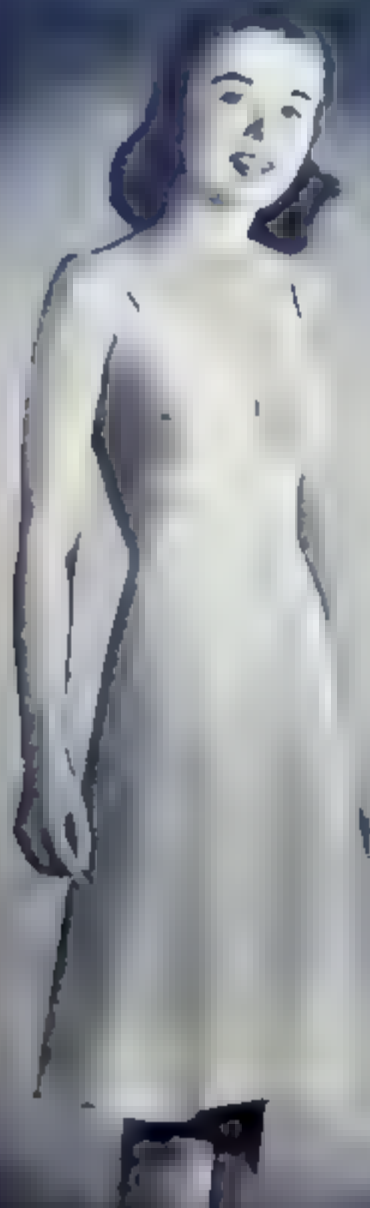
Cover the situation, chicks!



Here's a friendly warning, chicks!
Don't be a dud like me
I was just a bit too late in
getting to my favorite Petiteen shop.

If you are too old for 7
to 14's, and too small for
teens, Petiteens are just
right.

Dresses • PETITEEN • Sportswear
520 EIGHTH AVENUE NEW YORK 18



**Junior slip
by Pembroke**

1.98

Clever thinking when Pembroke styled a slip expressly for juniors. Cut to fit smooth as wing over young hips. Tiny waists and bosoms. Cinched-in midriff keeps it put in place. In sleek rayon satin or rayon crepe if you prefer. Tearase or white. 9-15. *Lingerie, Third Floor*

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(or similar fashions) in teen departments of the Official Headquarters stores listed below:

*Akron, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
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Allentown, Pa.....Hen Bros.
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*Asheville, N. C.....Ivey's, Inc.
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*Baton Rouge, La.....Godchaux's
*Binghamton, N. Y.....Hills, McLean & Hoskins
*Birmingham, Ala.....Lovejoy, Joseph & Loeb, Inc.
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Madison, Wis.....Baron Bros.
Memphis, Tenn.....B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
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*Morgantown, W. Va.....Kaufman's
*Murfreesboro, Tenn.....Goldstein's



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Newark, N. J.....Kresge Dept. Store
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WHAT'S NEW IN BOOKS

(Continued from page 9)

precipitating his majestic poetry.

Exile's Daughter (Coward-McCann, \$2.50) is a biography of a living woman right in the midst of her living. Pearl Buck's sister, Cornelia Spencer, tells the story of her sister—see how it goes? One of these spare-nothing, spoil-nothing tales, too. Both writer and subject know China from chopsticks to floods, from old-fashioned courtesy to new-fashioned fighting. And you do want to know China these days. Helena Kuo is another big help in that direction. She gives us *Giants of China* (Dutton, \$2.75) all the way from Huang Ti and Lei Tsu, empire builder and empress a thousand years before Moses, to daughter of destiny, Chiang Soong May-ling. Straightforward writing, too, which moves along on the feet of people who are going some place—the same place we are going.

While you're out to understand your world in a big way, stop, look, and listen to Andre Norton's *The Sword Is Drawn* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00). It isn't particularly a girls' book nor yet a boys' book, nor a young people's book nor an adult book. It's a book for anyone who likes high adventure across two continents in which cached jewels, Nazi plots and counterplots, a Chinese aviator, a girl, and a faithful Dutch servant work together toward understanding as well as victory. Straight melodrama in the modern fashion of motivated characters in plausible situations working for a common ideal, still it is drawn from actual letters and experiences of some sixty thousand students who have become friends across their ocean barriers.

The White Tulip, by Helen Girvan (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.00), is another Dutch story. This one is laid in the time of Franz Hals. A different mood entirely, leisurely but vivid. Jewels, tulips, and spies figure in the plot, but your interest will nevertheless center in Elspeth. Road to Down Under

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(Appleton-Century, \$2.50), which Maribelle Cormack has done with fine feeling for pioneer family life, gives us Barbara Reid and her dashing young sweetheart, Colin MacIntyre, in a romance which flowers in the bush country amid the excitement of sheep-shearing feasts, hard-riding rangers, and fast-losing kangaroos. And still speaking of Australia, as many of us are since we must address our letters in that direction, you'll like to know *Walkabout Down Under*, by Kay Stevens Foote (Scribners, \$1.50). Not a story, you understand, but an introduction to the people and their ways. A quick introduction and pleasant, which makes your letters to him more intelligent, and his to you more interesting.

Back to the thrillers and you pick off *Storm Canvas* (Winston, \$2.50), which is both written and illustrated in vivid color, broad-stroke fashion by Armstrong Sperry. All the best swashbuckling of the War of 1812—battles, duels, wind, water, and final turbulent triumph. Just as exciting when it comes to mystery thrills, and carrying the distinction of historical background besides, is *Treason at the Point*, by Jeanette Nolan (Messner, \$2.00). Jed Drake and his younger brother and sister see Benedict Arnold's betrayal of West Point and carry you along on their day-by-day unraveling of treachery.

Abraham Lincoln's World (Scribners, \$3.00) is another you can stake your shekels on. Genevieve Foster can make facts ordinarily called "cold" drip off her pen in a molten stream of human excitement. Round and round the earth she goes, stringing forty different true tales on their separate threads of suspense and at the same time winding them together in the skein of human progress. Definitely a book the whole family will enjoy together or separately, and don't miss the pictures by the author.

Another three-star, tell-everybody book is Eric Kelly's *From Star to Star* (Lippincott, \$2.00), a story of Krakow in

1493—remember what was happening in the world the year before? A young Polish nobleman gives up the privileges of knighthood in order to attend the University of Poland—but with excitements masculine, feminine, and perpetual. Eric Kelly's pen has daring and skill. Still speaking of way back when, there is *For Fire* (Dutton, \$2.00) in which Gertrude Robinson does a natty job with Mohawks, witchcraft, and a brother and sister who had the fortitude they certainly needed. Woodcuts by Woodi Ishmael again, and superb.

But maybe this is not your year to be historically minded. You're interested in your career for tomorrow. Anything which can help you to choose your job and prepare for it, that's your drink. Well, do you want it straight or with sugar and cream? *Nurse!*, by Irmengarde Eberle (Crowell, \$2.00), gives you the whole story of what she calls and documents a great profession. The personal and the scientific requirements are accurately and interestingly presented. When you lay down the book you have historical background and an authentic present-day picture. But if it is story and sentiment you want, against a background of professional attainment, you can follow *Penny Marsh and Ginger Lee*—whom you may know from earlier books—as Dorothy Deming takes them into overseas duty (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00). Or go with Ann Bartlett, Navy nurse, on the adventures which Martha Johnson maps out in *Ann Bartlett in the South Pacific* (Crowell, \$2.00). Loula Erdman, in *Separate Star* (Longmans, Green, \$2.25), sets Gail Warren to teaching school in the town of Clayton, which might be anybody's not-too-cooperative town waiting for an animated young teacher. Dietitians, dress designers, advertisers, occupational therapists—there are books about them all.

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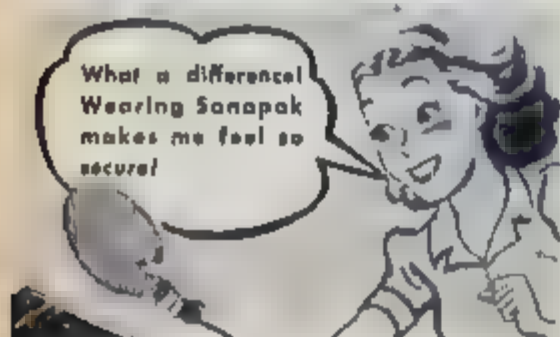
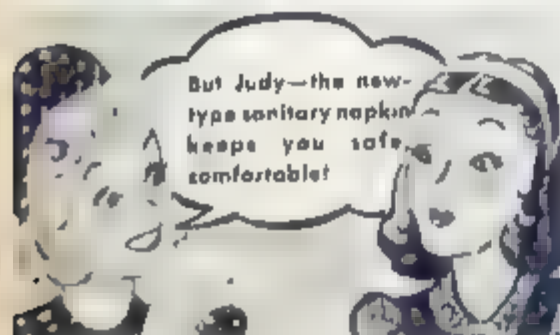
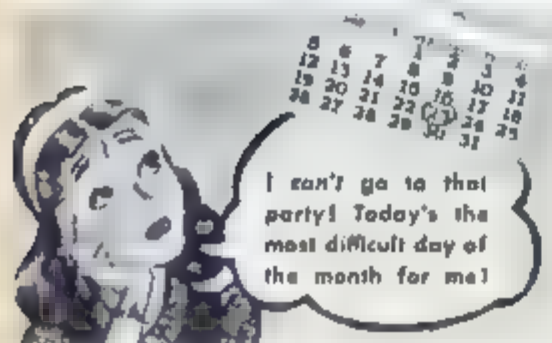
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Christmas is coming! Not only a time to give and get books—and you'd better begin soon to prepare for both—but a time to read a book. A special-special book. Small, tender, amusing. Katherine Milhous, in *The First Christmas Crib* (Scribners, \$1.25), takes the cow and the ass, the children who missed them when they wandered away, their fathers and mothers and fellow townspeople all into the little chapel with Brother Francis on that Christmas eve in Greccio, and there each one feels his way into the Christmas story: the farmer knows it is he who might have given the straw, the carpenter might have made the cradle, the children might have come bringing gifts.

For the whole family to have fun together there is Opal Wheeler's *Sing for Christmas* (Dutton, \$3.00), which came out late last year, and now her *Sing for America* (Dutton, \$3.00).

But Christmas is more than hilarity; it's joy which reaches out and gathers in. You can't say it all in words so Elizabeth Orton Jones has drawn pictures for each line of Rachel Field's *Prayer for a Child* (Macmillan, \$1.50). Remember the pictures in *Small Rain* (Viking, \$2.00)? But one doesn't forget the stance of those small ones nor the wonder in their faces. There isn't any particular age for special books such as these. They should be yours to keep a long time in your head, heart, and library, just for the sake of the Christmas love you hold.

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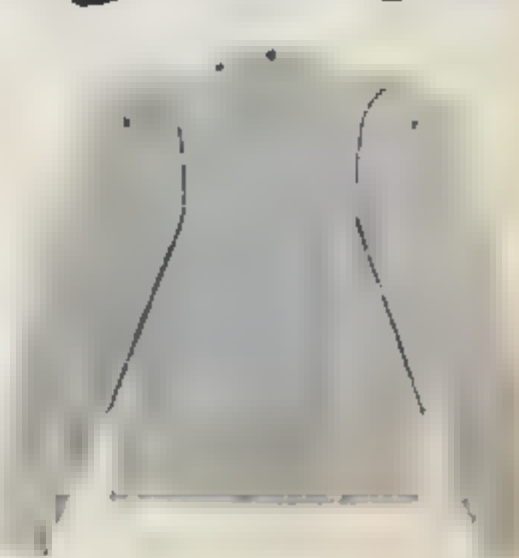
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LUNCH WITH SHIRLEY TEMPLE

(Continued from page 8)

thrilled when they gave it to me, but things got a little complicated when one of the bell-hops brought me one, too. I knew they were all sure to see me on the way out of the hotel, and I didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, so I wore one and carried the other."

Before we parted, we all told why we liked *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. Shirley's reply showed that there's plenty inside her curly head.

"I'm afraid we girls don't always listen as hard as we should to good advice—when given by someone near to us [She leaned forward to catch her mother's eye.] But when it comes from a magazine written just for girls and all about girls and sometimes even by girls—then we just lap it up!"

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MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 6)

"The invitations and the special guest list, stupe. You're in charge of them. Are you deaf all of a sudden?"

"I was thinking," Connie stared at him. "It's a wonderful idea," she announced vaguely.

"Such modesty," murmured Stub, bowing awkwardly in her direction.

"When she thinks, it's not modesty," declared Cap. "It's a calamity."

Peggy giggled. "Let her alone. After all, she did lead us to a gang of bicycle thieves once. Let's have some cocoa. Maybe that will revive her."

Connie came to life in a flash. Leaving Colette with a group in the living room, she followed Peggy into the kitchen. Cap and Stub made a beeline after her.

"Let us in on the secret," urged Cap, helping himself to a cookie from a plate on the kitchen table. He and Stub planted themselves on either side of Connie and threatened her with empty cups.

Connie picked up a saucepan and obligingly poured cocoa into the cups. "You're working backwards," she told Peggy, who was absent-mindedly lifting cookies from plates and stuffing them back into their boxes. Peggy laughed hysterically and reversed the procedure.

"And you're stalling." Stub sampled a piece of cake.

Connie regarded all three seriously. "Listen, gang," she said slowly, "I do have an idea, but it's up to me to handle it myself. It's sort of fantastic and stuff, and it's a job for one person. If it works out, I'll tell you about it the night of the party. But if I fail," she waved the steaming pan dramatically and dangerously, "this time I shall fail alone."

"Okay, Mata Hari." Cap sounded miserable. "You have spurned our help, but if ever you need us, send forth."

Connie curtsied prettily. "Thank you, kind sir," she said.

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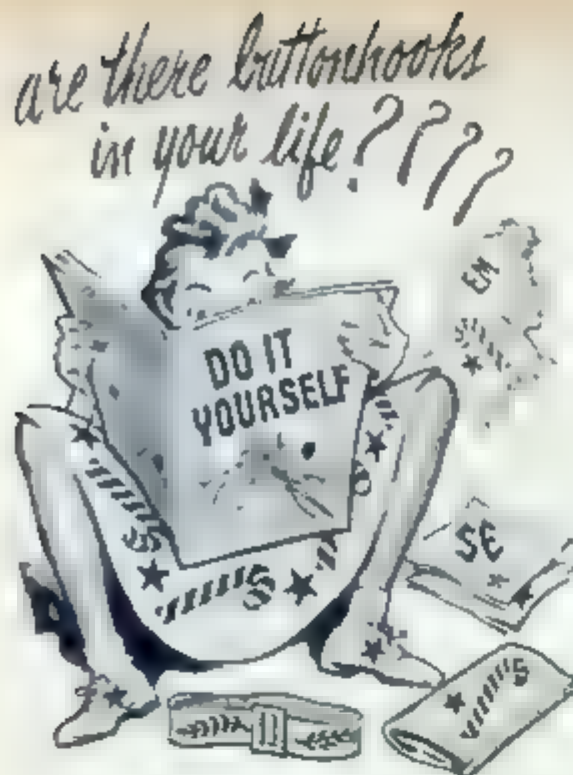
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"I shall remember those generous words." She picked up a tray full of cups and saucers and minced out through the swinging door. "Coming along, Peg?"

Cap and Stub looked after the two retreating backs. "Peculiarity, thy name is woman," they said to each other, selecting two cookies.

The library was deserted the following afternoon as Connie skipped up the granite steps. She had recently emerged from a secret-session with Mr. Barker and was experiencing a warm glow of self-satisfaction as she confronted Miss Dwyer, the gray-haired librarian at the front desk. A short conference ensued, and Connie was eventually established in the reading room behind an impressive stack of tomes.

Miss Dwyer beamed at her. "There's a lot of tradition attached to Central City. Isn't it nice that you're taking such an interest in it, dear?"

"Mmmm." Connie's red head was already buried in the first volume.

She was about to start on the fourth when she sensed a pair of eyes boring into her back. Looking up, she found Cap staring at her in horror.

"Connie! Christmas almost here and no homework tonight—what are you doing in a library?"

"Historical research," she told him briefly. "And you don't have to whisper like that. There's nobody in here but me."

"Peg and Stub are outside. We're going on a bike hike. We stopped by your house, and your housekeeper said you were down here." He leaned over her shoulder and grimaced. "Ugh, that stuff's poisonous. Ditch it and come with us."

Connie ignored his suggestion. "Why don't you stop off at the bank and see if Colette can go with you? Mr. Barker gave her a job this morning, but he wanted her to stay only a little while today. She's probably at loose ends by now, and I'm sure she'd love to go."

"Sure," Cap agreed. "We'll take her along. But that doesn't

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mean you can't come, too."

"Get thee gone, Satan," said Connie firmly. "I'm busy." Then, as Cap tiptoed toward the door, she shook her head sadly. "Golly, but he's going to be burned up," she informed the printed page on the table in front of her.

But for the next few days, Connie was so occupied with shuttling back and forth between the bank and the library that Cap, Stub, Peggy, and even Colette were all but lost in the rush. The gang hadn't forgotten Colette, however, Connie was happy to notice. Peggy had invited her over for dinner, and one afternoon Connie found them all lounging on Colette's porch rehashing plans for the party.

"Hi," Connie called to them. "What are you doing?"

"We're talking about the party," Cap said coldly. "You wouldn't be interested."

"Oh, but I would," Connie grinned. "More interested than you'd know."

"That's, right," snickered Stub. "You're going to let us in on your silly old secret that night, aren't you? I forgot."

"If you're going to be nasty," Connie answered, "I can leave right now."

"We're only kidding," Peg told her, a worried frown creeping between her eyes. "How about a Coke for Connie, Colette?"

And so truce was declared for the time being. But it was only temporary, Connie discovered when Colette came home from the bank the next day to find her and Aunt Cécile with their heads together over two cups of tea.

"What's the matter with you, Connie? All the kids still think you're avoiding them. Cap..." Colette rolled her eyes slyly. "He likes you very much and he is hurt. He says if you have time for old ladies like Mrs. Applegate who has one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel you should have time for him, too. He saw you coming out of her house yesterday, and you didn't even wave to him right across the street."

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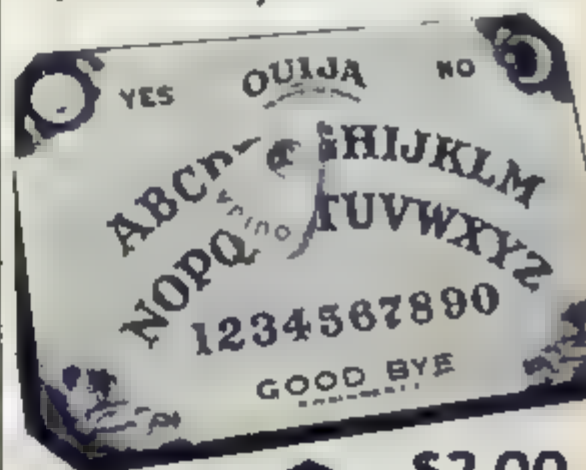
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Oh, my goodness!" wailed Connie. "I didn't see him. And after all, Mrs. Applegate is an old lady who's lived in this town since the Civil War, I guess, and why shouldn't I try to cheer up her lonely hours?"

Mademoiselle Fideau nodded her head and sprang to the rescue. "Leave Connie alone, chérie. There is a time to help and a time to remain quiet. Everyone has problems these days, and one must do as one thinks best."

"That's right," Connie sighed appreciatively. "In a day or two we'll be more than busy with the Christmas dance anyway. Come on over to my house tonight and help me with the invitations, Colette. I'm all thumbs when it comes to art."

The days until the dance flew by in a whirlwind of crepe paper, thumb tacks, and colored crayons. Connie plunged wholeheartedly into the preparations, her recent neglect evidently forgiven by her friends except for the occasional gleam of suspicion that crept into Cap's eyes whenever she ducked into a phone booth or peeked inside a newspaper.

And the gleam became a glare the night of the party in the high school auditorium. Cap was explaining the intricacies of the amplifying system, while Connie, with one ear cocked in his direction, was admiring Colette's brightly-colored wall decorations of silver-garbed Cinderellas and fairy godmothers with tinsel wands against a background of blue and silver Christmas decorations.

"Connie," an agitated voice breathed close by, "you're wanted downstairs. A couple of older people are trying to crash, and they insist you invited them."

"Here we go again," grumbled Cap, losing his temper. "It's probably Mrs. Applegate escorted by a ghost. And besides, I thought you were going to come clean tonight."

"Just be patient a little while longer, Cap," Connie begged. "I'll be back in a minute."

It was considerably more

than a minute before she slipped back into the auditorium and threaded her way up to the front platform, where the auction of ladies' slippers was already in progress. Winking slyly at Cap, she added her small gold shoe to the fast diminishing pile.

"Where'd you go?" hissed Peggy, as she hopped up to them.

"Just downstairs," Connie whispered back. "Some mix-up in the guest list."

"Hey, nitwit," Stub poked Peggy. "Why don't you act grateful? I just blew half a week's allowance on your left clodhopper."

Connie giggled nervously. Little prickles of anticipation crawled up her spine, and butterflies began to flap their wings inside of her. Cap nonchalantly plunked down fifty cents and strolled over, her sandal hanging from his hand. Colette peered back at them and smiled.

"And last but not least," finally roared Mayor Martin, alias the auctioneer, "what am I offered for this dainty silver slipper with a Paris trademark? Speak up, gentlemen. Who'll start the bidding?"

Connie took a deep breath and held it.

"Ten dollars!" called a voice from the back of the hall.

Stunned silence instantly gripped the room. To Connie, Colette's gasp sounded like a bomb exploding. The French girl stood rigid for a moment, the color draining from her cheeks. Then she turned, darted through the crowd of girls and boys that opened before her, and flung her arms around the neck of the tall, dark stranger who had spoken.

"Papa," she cried, choking back the sobs. "Oh, Papa!"

Everyone was staring at Colette and the stranger. Connie tugged at Cap's sleeve.

"Start the music or something, dope. Don't just stand there like a mummy."

Cap wandered off at a sleepwalker's gait, and Connie pumped Peggy's arm.

"That's her father, Peg," she shouted. "Isn't it thrilling?"

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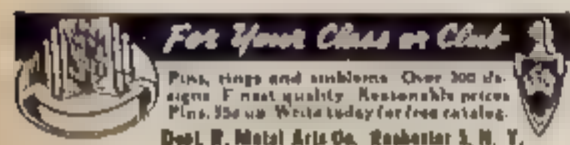


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Later, as dancing couples glided by to the strains of a Strauss waltz, Connie and her gang gathered around the joyful Fideau family.

Monsieur Fideau lifted Connie's hand and kissed it gravely. "And it is due to the efforts of this very charming young lady that I am here with my daughter and my sister tonight."

"Gosh," whistled Stub. "That's terrific."

"Tell them about it, chérie," Mademoiselle Fideau urged.

"Well," began Connie, "I heard them say at the bank that they had an unclaimed account under the name of M. Randolph. It was \$100 to start with in about 1889, and it had grown to \$1,125 by this year. When Colette told me that her grandmother's name had been Marjorie Randolph, I had a hunch."

"So you put two and two together," glowed Peggy, "and it equalled \$1,125."

Connie nodded. "That's sort of the way it was. I told Mr. Barker, and he said for me to check the town records at the library and Mrs. Applegate's family diaries. When it was all proved, Mademoiselle Fideau took out the money in Colette's name because she is her guardian, and sent it to Monsieur Fideau. And that's about all, except that I wanted to keep it a surprise. Sort of an extra-special Christmas surprise."

Colette's black eyes were shining like two big stars. "You're just about the most wonderful friend anybody ever had," she told Connie.

"You're going to grow too big for your shoes," groaned Cap in mock concern. He produced the gold sandal. "I'd better stick this on before it doesn't fit any more."

"Well, I'll be darned," Connie laughed brightly. "I was so excited I forgot I was running around minus one shoe."

Cap fastened the shoe, then seized her hand and pulled her toward the dance floor. "Come on, miracle woman. Let's cut a rug."

Connie grinned up at him. "It's about time you began to recognize my talents," she said.

CALLING ALL GIRLS
DECEMBER 1944
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TEXT

CONNIE BOYD DUON*

4

WOMAN AT THE WARS

NOVEL?

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CHRISTMAS STAR

TEXT

V.L. VANCE LOCKE*

3 $\frac{2}{3}$

PICK YOUR GIFTS FROM THE TEEN TANKET TREE

?

1 $\frac{1}{3}$

JUDY WING - SHE DROPS IN

SPARKLING

?

4

JA. HOUSEKEEPING - SWEET STUFF

?

1 $\frac{1}{3}$

PATRIOT AT HOME AND ABROAD

Sam Glankoff

2

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3

3

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